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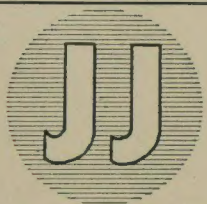
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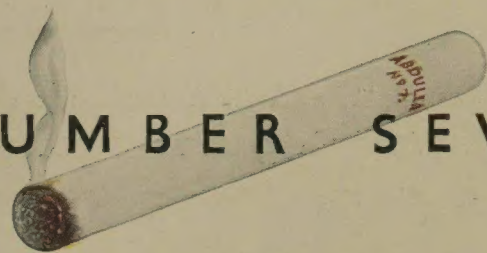
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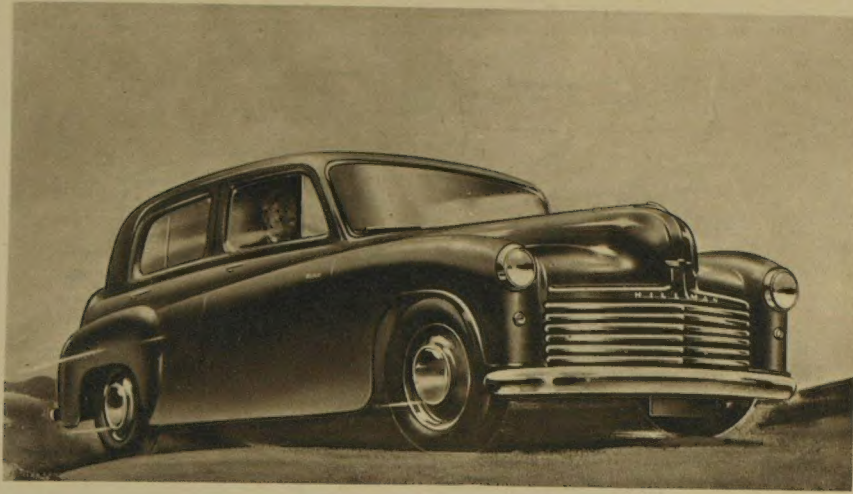
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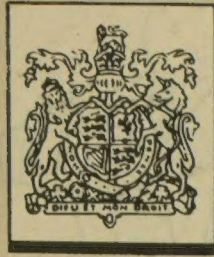


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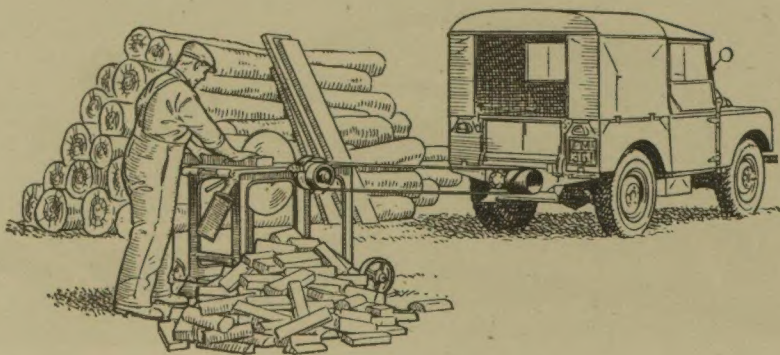
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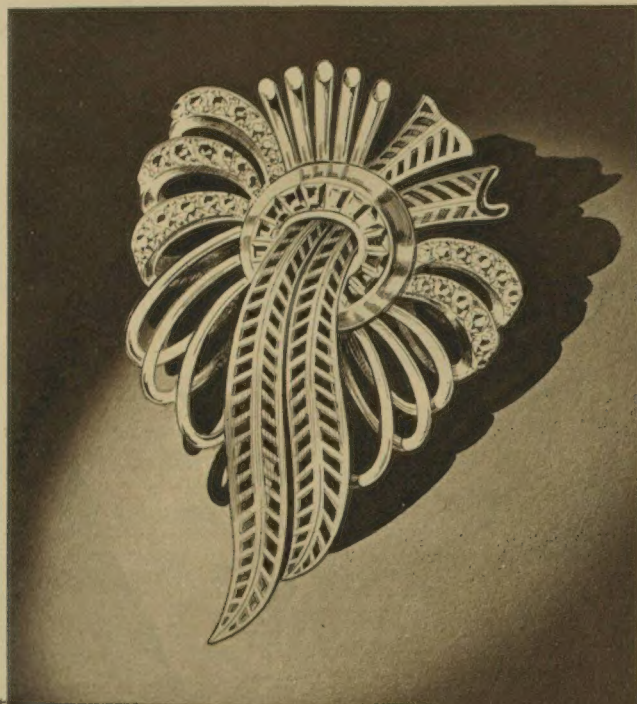
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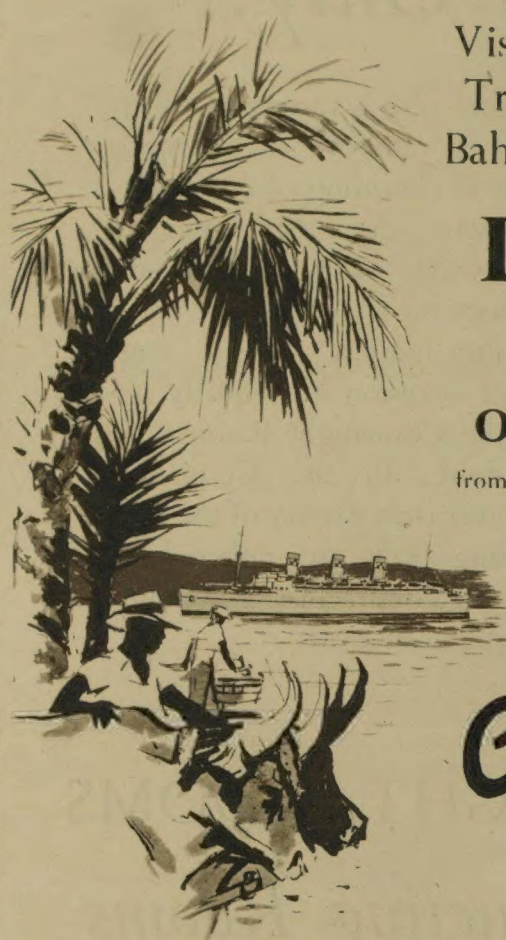
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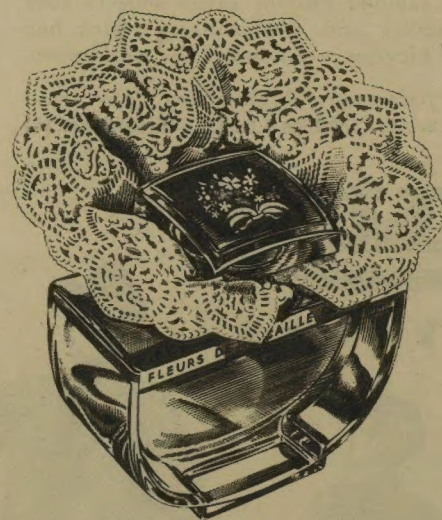
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1951.



THE RECOVERY OF "THE CROWN JEWELS": THE VITAL PHASE IN A DARING BRITISH-AMERICAN-SOUTH KOREAN OPERATION, IN WHICH A LITTLE-DAMAGED RUSSIAN MIG-15 FIGHTER WAS SALVAGED IN ENEMY WATERS.

July 20 and 21 saw the triumphant conclusion of a United Nations plan to obtain possession of a little-damaged Russian-built MIG-15 jet fighter which had crashed in shallow North Korean waters. The whole of this daring operation was under the personal direction of Rear-Admiral A. K. Scott-Moncrieff and the operation itself was undertaken by Captain W. L. M. Brown, R.N., commanding H.M.S. *Cardigan Bay*. British, American and South Korean men, vessels and aircraft were all engaged in the task. During the

operation Captain Brown made a series of sketches, and it is these which formed the basis of our Artist's drawings reproduced above and on other pages. The drawing above shows the scene in the evening of July 20, when a diver wearing shallow-water breathing apparatus is about to attach the hoist to the sunken aircraft (which was nicknamed "The Crown Jewels" by all concerned in the exploit), and so enable it to be raised by the crane of the American L.S.U. on the left. Its design is now studied in the United States.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH THE CO-OPERATION, AND FROM THE SKETCHES, OF CAPTAIN W. L. M. BROWN, O.B.E., D.S.C., R.N., COMMANDING H.M.S. *CARDIGAN BAY*.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHENEVER anyone says to me—or writes—"I am sure you will agree," I am quite sure that I will not! Like Queen Elizabeth, I cannot willingly be constrained to do anything. And of all the tendencies of mass democracy that I dislike—or rather, of mass demagoguery, for true democracy can never exist in the mass and merely becomes another and dishonest name for tyranny when it does—I most detest its tendency to insist on mass conviction. "I am sure," the confident-voiced and, as I feel, hypocritical announcer, *compère* or what-will-you, unctuously announces on the wireless, "that we all . . ." "Count me out!" is my instantaneous and incorrigibly protestant reaction. And this applies as much to an *ex-cathedra* statement about the universal appeal of some wireless variety comedian or cinema-organ composition as it does to equally *ex-cathedra* utterances about everybody's supposed political opinions. The larger the unit in whose name such authoritative suppositions are made, the more vehemently does something deep inside me react against them. For I know, since I have had no part in reaching such conclusions, that they must be lies: lies to me, and lies to everyone else who has not, personally and through his or her own mental processes and experiences, reached them too. Truth must be apprehended before it can become truth for any individual soul and mind; it cannot be dictated or imposed on that soul and mind by any other individual. Therefore, when the B.B.C. announcer says, "I am sure we all agree," he is making an unwarrantable and dictatorial assumption. He is merely stating his own assurance and opinion, or, rather, those of the bureaucratic bosses in whose name he so presumptuously speaks. He is speaking and acting undemocratically.

That is our real quarrel with the particular brand of Democracy current on the other side of the Iron Curtain, in Soviet Russia and in the "People's Democracies" of imperialistic Russia's imperial satellites. The opinions of the "People"—a purely hypothetical People that has no real existence—are chosen for them by a little group of Party and bureaucratic dictators and then employed, ruthlessly and with a tyrannical cruelty never surpassed by any old-time king or noble, to enforce measures also chosen by the same minute and exclusively privileged minority. What we overlook, in our perfectly proper detestation of such humbug and tyranny, is that we ourselves permit our own rulers, in a much milder and less brutal form, to impose their own choice and will under a similar cloak of popular consent. What we need to-day in the great hot-house, incense-laden Temple of so-called Democracy—or, to be more accurate, Bureaucracy out of Mass Demagoguery—in which we all so blindly worship, is a few men or women with the spirit of Jenny Geddes: that troublesome but immortal Scottish soul in woman's body who so valiantly threw a stool at the head of Charles I.'s Dean in St. Giles', Edinburgh. When something of the same sort happens again we shall be able to feel that we have once more refound our hereditary soul and are again in real truth a great democratic nation, based, as a great democratic nation to endure must be, on the sanctity of the individual's right—every individual's—to self-determination.

For it cannot be stated too often that democracy rests on the assumption—the tremendous assumption that mankind received through Christianity—that every individual soul is sacred because every individual has in him or her something potential of the divine. A democracy that does not accept the full logic of this assumption is not a real democracy at all and can no more expect to survive as such than did the brilliant democracy of ancient Athens, which respected the individuality and freedom of choice of its citizens but denied it to the slaves who did the city's menial work. The practical difficulty of making a real democracy work is, of course, prodigious—so prodigious that its attainability has still to be proved—but that difficulty is insuperable from the start unless the great principle on which democracy rests is kept firmly in sight. A nation, as Abraham Lincoln said, cannot be half-free and half-slave. It must elect and strive consistently for

freedom altogether: for real freedom, that is—not nominal, synthetic, boost-voice freedom—for every individual man and woman. And those who represent and administer its affairs must scrupulously refrain from the temptation of using the power entrusted to them to enforce on the individual in their aggregate name opinions and policies about which his views have never really been ascertained at all. To do so is a species of blasphemy,

not only against democracy, but against the human soul and, through the human soul, against God. For if there is any truth in the saying that the voice of the People is the voice of God—and I believe profoundly that there is, if only that voice can be truly ascertained—it resides in the fact that the only way in which the divine can operate—the spiritual grandeur and nobility that is inexplicable in terms of matter and transcends matter—is through the consciousness of the individual. States, Nations, Peoples are merely in this sense abstractions, having no consciousness. They can only attain to grandeur and nobility through the spiritual faculties of the individuals who constitute them.

In this question of spiritual nobility and grandeur lies, I believe, the root of the matter. No one who does not believe in this all-comprehending force which we call God can be a democrat, for he does not believe in the divine in man—the justification of and compelling reason for democracy. If it is not a sin to deny free expression to the individual being through whom the divine makes itself felt in the world, the pursuit of democratic government is as absurd as it is unnecessary. It is so infinitely easier and more simple to govern efficiently without first consulting and securing the heart-felt assent of millions of separate individuals. Politicians and bureaucrats are so conscious of this that they are for ever confronted with the temptation, one usually, indeed, quite unconscious, to do so.

What makes the struggle to achieve democracy so important, so worthwhile, is the necessity, if human affairs are to prosper, of securing the maximum possible amount of divine inspiration and guidance, of nobility and goodness in human affairs. Such inspiration and guidance can only come through the individual, and so little through any single individual that society cannot afford to neglect, save at its peril, the potential contribution of every individual soul that comprises it. We laugh at Praise-God-Barebone's Parliament of Saints, at the struggle of our seventeenth-century Puritan ancestors to find a governmental channel through which the divine could infuse and inform terrestrial affairs. But, though the methods they pursued were absurd—because insufficiently based on any observation of human nature in action—their ultimate aims were founded in the perception of an eternal truth. They and their contemporaries were the true pioneers and parents of democracy.

Because in the nineteenth-century Industrial Revolution the progress of human liberty—the great drama of the education and liberation of the human soul—received a major check through maladjustments in our political and social machinery, the idea of individual freedom and of respect for the individual has become temporarily discredited. The Governments of some countries—notably those of Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia—which in the past have

known little of individual freedom—have discarded such conceptions altogether. It is time for this country, which has now gone far to correct the maladjustments of nineteenth-century industrial society, to recover and re-state its ancient belief in the sanctity of the individual. On every hand we are confronted with words that challenge and insult that conception: masses, boost, proletariat, people's democracy, big business, high finance, boss, dictator. Against them the lover of England and of her great and glorious tradition must await the English response: the still, small voice of the individual soul: the voice of conscience, the voice of judgment, the voice of freedom. "I will never be by violence constrained to do anything. . . . Let tyrants fear."

"ROMMEL—DESERT FOX": PEOPLE WHO MADE THIS FILM POSSIBLE.



WITH HER SON MANFRED ROMMEL, WHOSE PART IN THE FILM, "ROMMEL—DESERT FOX," IS TAKEN BY WILLIAM REYNOLDS: FRAU ROMMEL (PLAYED ON THE SCREEN BY JESSICA TANDY), WIDOW OF THE GERMAN COMMANDER OF THE AFRIKA KORPS.



THE DIRECTOR OF THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX FILM "ROMMEL—DESERT FOX" AND THE GERMAN TECHNICAL ADVISER, ON LOCATION IN FRANCE: MR. HENRY HATHAWAY AND HERR H. SCHULTZE-DEWITZ.

On another page we illustrate the 20th Century-Fox Film "Rommel—Desert Fox," based on Brigadier Desmond Young's biography of the German Commander of the Afrika Korps. Here we give photographs of people who made this film possible. Frau Rommel, widow of the German Field Marshal, gave her permission for the picture to be made, when courteously approached by 20th Century-Fox, who were not bound to have obtained her sanction for the picture. She is not benefiting in any way from the film. Mr. Henry Hathaway, director of "Rommel—Desert Fox," is seen on location at St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris [where Field Marshal von Rundstedt had his H.Q.], with the German technical adviser, Herr H. Schultze-Dewitz, shown dressed as a German Guard corporal. He was one of Rommel's A.D.C.s and won the Iron Cross on the Tobruk front in August 1941.



WITH JAMES MASON, THE SCREEN ROMMEL: BRIGADIER DESMOND YOUNG, AUTHOR OF THE BIOGRAPHY "ROMMEL," ON THE FILM LOCATION IN AFRICA.



"EL ALAMEIN MUST BE HELD TO THE LAST MAN. IT MUST BE VICTORY OR DEATH": ROMMEL (JAMES MASON) RECEIVES THE FATEFUL MESSAGE FROM HITLER.



AFTER DEFEAT IN AFRICA: ROMMEL (JAMES MASON) BECOMES COMMANDER WITH VON RUNDSTEDT (LEO. G. CARROLL) OF ATLANTIC COAST DEFENCES.



THE FATEFUL VISIT: ROMMEL (JAMES MASON), IN DISGRACE AT HIS COUNTRY SEAT, RECEIVES MEMBERS OF HITLER'S STAFF. HIS WIFE (JESSICA TANDY) IS BEHIND.



THE LAST JOURNEY: ROMMEL (JAMES MASON) BIDS FAREWELL TO HIS SON MANFRED. THE ACTUAL CAR OWNED BY ROMMEL IS USED IN THE FILM.

"ROMMEL - DESERT FOX," HIS DEFEAT AND DEATH: A FILM PRESENTATION OF A GREAT ENEMY COMMANDER.

FIELD MARSHAL ERWIN ROMMEL, Commander of the Afrika Korps, was an enemy leader of World War II, who gained the respect of the Allied soldiers on account of his military genius, and because he upheld the traditions of honourable warfare ignored by the S.S. troops. The dramatic story of the defeat of the Afrika Korps by the Eighth Army, and of Rommel's subsequent disgrace and death, was told in Brigadier Desmond Young's biography, "Rommel"; and now
[Continued below.]



ROMMEL EXPLAINS TO HIS WIFE THAT HE HAS RECEIVED ORDERS TO CARRY OUT HIS OWN DEATH SENTENCE: JAMES MASON AND JESSICA TANDY.

[Continued.] forms the subject of a notable 20th Century-Fox film recently completed and to be presented in London in October. Hitler's orders to hold Alamein to the last man were impossible, and Rommel was torn between loyalty to the Führer and his knowledge of Hitler's inefficiency as a military commander. He was not taken prisoner in the defeat of 1942 as he was in hospital in Germany, and his unwilling realisation that Hitler was leading Germany to complete ruin finally

decided him to join the conspirators. A serious wound inflicted in an air attack kept him in hospital while the anti-Hitler plot was unsuccessfully launched, but he was incriminated and, while convalescing at his country home, he received a sinister visit from two of Hitler's staff, who indicated to him that he would be allowed to carry out his own death sentence. James Mason and Jessica Tandy play Rommel and his wife in this film.



AN UNMISTAKABLE LANDMARK FROM THE AIR AND NOW PROVED TO BE OF METEORITIC ORIGIN BY A NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC-ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM EXPEDITION: AN AERIAL VIEW OF CHUBB CRATER, AN ALMOST PERFECTLY ROUND LAKE-FILLED HOLLOW MORE THAN TWO MILES IN DIAMETER.

WHILE examining a Royal Canadian Air Force aerial photograph, Mr. F. W. Chubb, a prospector for gold and diamonds, noticed a crater situated about 60 miles from Hudson Strait, in Northern Quebec, and showed his discovery to Dr. V. Ben Meen, Director of the Royal Ontario Museum of Geology and Mineralogy, who was convinced that it was of meteoritic origin. In July last year he flew to the crater site for a three-day cursory survey with Mr. Chubb and photographs taken on that occasion were published in our issue of August 26, 1950. Dr. Meen was convinced that Chubb Crater (as it is now called) was not due to volcanic action within the earth's crust. Nor, he observed, could its tilted-cup shape—with the rim of its deep basin rising 550 ft. on the north-east and 300 ft. on the south-west above the surrounding plain—have been caused by glacier action. He found that ripples and wrinkles rise 35 to 50 ft. high in the bedrock as much as two miles from the crater centre and a mile outside the uplifted rim. The pattern of granite rock splattered in all directions away from the centre contributed further evidence that a colliding meteorite was the cause. In order to confirm his theory, in July this year Dr. Meen led the National Geographic Society-Toronto Royal Ontario Museum expedition to the site of the gigantic crater to begin a month's probing into the mystery of its origin. Equipped with mine-detectors and magnetometers, the expedition hoped to find metallic meteorite fragments; to determine the depth of the crater; to make test borings; and also to carry out a thorough topographic survey of the area, accurately recording dimensions of the crater and its rock-strewn uplifted rim and showing the full pattern of ripples, wrinkles and splattered rock. All this was achieved, but three weeks' work with the mine-detectors and other specialised equipment produced no conclusive evidence. However, in the final forty-eight hours before the expedition was due to return its members discovered the presence of a "magnetic anomaly" under the eastern portion of the pushed-up crater rim. A "magnetic anomaly" is a scientific term for a magnet-indicated underground metal-bearing mass.

(Continued above, on right.)



THE EXPEDITION TO THE CHUBB CRATER: A GROUP AT THE CAMP, SHOWING (FROM L. TO R.) DR. V. B. MEEN, LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION; MR. F. W. CHUBB, AFTER WHOM THE CRATER IS NAMED; MR. S. MARTIN, LITHOLOGIST; MR. J. KEEFE, GEOPHYSICIST; AND MR. L. COWAN, PREPARATOR AND TECHNICIAN.

PROVED TO BE OF METEORITIC ORIGIN AND THIS A NEW WONDER OF THE WORLD: THE CHUBB



SHOWING PATCHES OF SNOW ON THE WALLS OF THE CRATER IN MID-JULY: A LOW-LEVEL AERIAL VIEW OF CHUBB CRATER, SHOWING THE DESOLATE SETTING OF THE ROCK-ENCLOSED LAKE WHICH IS 850 FT. DEEP AND TEEMING WITH TROUT.

(Continued.)

and this, in the glacier-scoured granitic region of the Chubb crater, constitutes proof of iron-bearing meteoritic material. Scientifically, this magnetometer proof is the next best thing to actual recovery of meteorite fragments. The expedition found the crater to have a maximum depth of 1350 ft. and confirmed its two-mile rim diameter. These dimensions are more than double those of the Canyon Diablo Crater, long accepted as the world's largest known depression due to a meteor crash. Soundings showed the lake, in the crater to be 850 ft. at its deepest, making it one of Canada's deepest lakes, and the rocky sloping rim rises more than 500 ft. above the lake-level, in the north-east sector. Dr. Meen reported that his party worked under semi-winter conditions and heavy woollens and parkas were normally worn. The weather was bad, with only three days without rain or snow. He has commented on the scarcity of wild life in their position, 300 miles beyond Quebec's northern limit of wooded country, and in

that land of eerie silence the only mammal seen was an Arctic fox. Birds included American pipits, northern horned larks, snow buntings, terns, gulls, loons and geese. Trout were abundant in the crater lake and in neighbouring bodies of water. The desolate setting for this new wonder of the world has been described by Dr. Meen, who, in recalling his first sight of the crater, says: "We started up the 25-degree slope of the rim. It seemed to be a jumbled heap of fragments of granite. At length, after a climb of nearly 300 ft., we set foot on the top and looked down into the crater. We were so awed by what we saw that I don't believe we spoke or even shook hands. Hundreds of feet beneath us lay a perfectly circular lake, cupped in a crater whose walls rose steeply in a slope of 45 degrees. No sound broke the stillness except the continuous grinding of the ice on the water far below and the wind blowing across the crater rim."



SURVEYING CHUBB CRATER, WHICH IS DOUBLE THE SIZE OF CANYON DIABLO CRATER IN ARIZONA, PREVIOUSLY THE WORLD'S LARGEST METEORITIC CRATER: DR. V. B. MEEN (LEFT), LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, WITH DR. L. W. JONES, CHIEF OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEYS BRANCH OF THE QUEBEC DEPARTMENT OF MINES.

CRATER IN NORTHERN QUEBEC, CANADA, WHICH IS 1350 FT. DEEP AND 7 MILES IN CIRCUMFERENCE.

ABADAN—THE FRUIT OF BRITISH INDUSTRY THAT PERSIA COVETS.



ABADAN FROM THE AIR, LOOKING NORTH-WESTWARDS. THE SHATT EL ARAB AND ITS JETTIES LIE TO THE LEFT, THE FOREGROUND BEING DOMINATED BY THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL CO.'S BAWARDA HOUSING ESTATE. THE TOWERS AND CHIMNEYS OF THE REFINERY RISE IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND.

Abadan, the world's greatest oil refinery and the plum which the Persians are expecting to fall into their hands, is a monument of British private enterprise and industry. In 1929 it was not even marked on the latest maps of the Persian Gulf. It is now a city of 40,000 inhabitants, the centre of which is the huge refinery plant of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., built to handle the oil from the Persian oilfields. Not only has the company supplied the *raison d'être* for the town, it has also built the majority of it, together with such important amenities as hospitals, schools, technical colleges, clubs, sports grounds and cinema. The

two aerial views reproduced on this and the facing page are taken from different angles and are complementary. The town fronts on to the Shatt el Arab River, whose other bank is in Iraq. The refinery area stretches from the jetties on the river frontage, between two creeks, which run beside storage yards; and in this section also lie a native non-company area and, on the other side of the plant, an area of British and Persian bachelor quarters. South of this section lies the Company's Bawarda area, a large estate of British and Persian family houses for staff. In this area can be seen a swimming pool and tennis courts.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST OIL REFINERY—DEADLOCKED ABADAN, FROM THE AIR.



ABADAN FROM THE AIR, LOOKING EASTWARDS: THE REFINERY SECTION LIES ACROSS THE CENTRE BACKGROUND, WITH FAMILY AND BACHELOR QUARTERS IN FRONT. THE BRAIM CREEK, IN THE FOREGROUND, LEADS TO THE SHATT EL ARAB, ON THE RIGHT, AND RUNS BESIDE STORE YARDS.

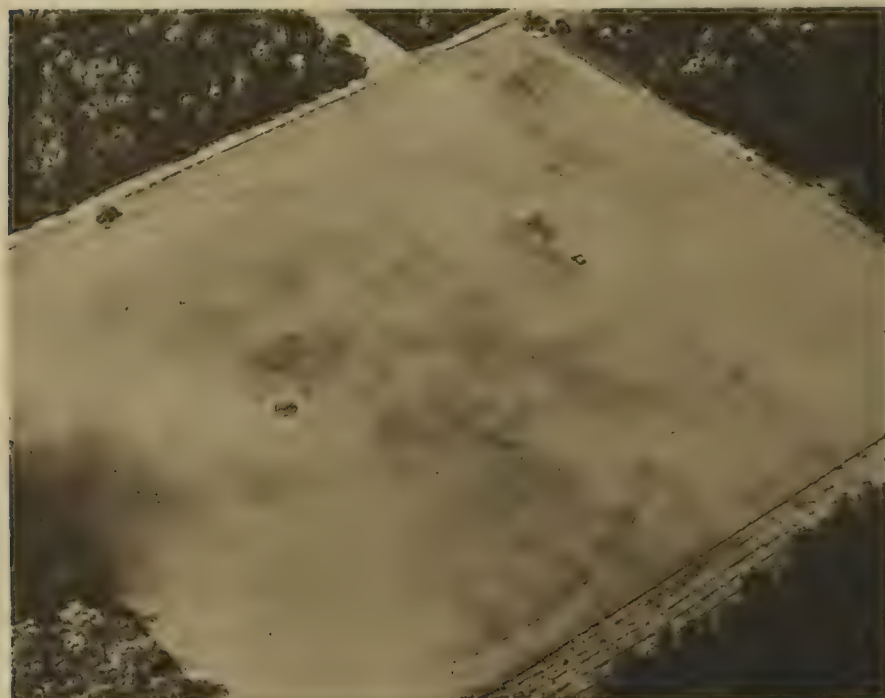
At the date of writing the Anglo-Persian oil crisis appeared to be in a state of immovable deadlock. On August 30 Dr. Grady, the U.S. Ambassador to Persia, saw Dr. Moussadek and learnt that he had no suggestions to offer and appeared to be expecting suggestions from the British Government. Mr. Stokes, however, and Mr. Harriman, President Truman's personal representative, have already indicated that the next move for any resumption of the negotiations must come from the Persians; and it is believed that a policy of allowing the Persians "to stew in their own oil" is being followed. In the meanwhile, general sympathy

is felt for the British employees of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., who are still in the country. At Abadan, for example, where the great finished-product tanks are full and the world's greatest oil refinery continues at a standstill, some 513 British employees still remain (though this figure will shortly be reduced to 300-350), keeping the idle plant on a care-and-maintenance basis, alone, in a hostile town, subject to incessant pinpricks from the Persian authorities, in the hottest season of the year and with their families evacuated overseas. The normal establishment figure for British staff of the company in Abadan is about 1700.

RADIO-ACTIVITY TO AID THE PLANT-BREEDER.



TESTING THE EFFECT OF RADIO-ACTIVITY ON GROWING PLANTS. THE PIPE CONTAINS RADIO-ACTIVE COBALT AND IS THE FOCAL POINT OF THE LAY-OUT IN THE PICTURE BELOW.



THE RADIO-ACTIVE EXPERIMENTAL FARM, SEEN FROM THE AIR. THE HUB OF THE CIRCLE IS THE RADIO-ACTIVE COBALT TUBE SEEN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH AT THE TOP.



AT DR. SINGLETON'S LEFT HAND IS A PLANT OF SWEET CORN, STUNTED BY RADIO-ACTIVITY, FROM THE PIT (RIGHT). UNAFFECTED PLANTS ARE SEEN ON THE LEFT.

The atomic bomb and the development of nuclear fission have set in train a whole series of experiments on the effects of radio-activity; and on August 29, Dr. Ralph W. Singleton described at Pennsylvania University some of the work being done at the Brookhaven National Laboratory on the treatment of plants and vegetables with radio-active materials. We show here some photographs of the laboratory's "radio-active" farm, among which the successive circles ringing the source of radio-activity are perhaps the most striking. In this diminishing effects of diminishing strengths are easily shown. Dr. Singleton stated that the effect of radio-activity in altering the chromosomes and changing the cell-structure in plants may prove of value in producing mutations, and so speeding up the work of the plant breeder and selector.

ARGENTINA'S PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS.

As reported in our last issue, on August 22 a huge demonstration organised by the Argentine Confederation of Labour called upon President Perón and his wife, Señora Perón, to accept nominations as candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, respectively, at the election in November. Neither then indicated acceptance, and Señora Perón asked for four days to consider the offer. She was expected to broadcast on August 26, but did not do so, a fact which caused considerable surprise. It was believed that the opinion of the Army was being sounded as to the advisability of her standing. Other organisations called on the Peróns on August 28 to accept candidature, but no report of acceptance was given, and at the date of writing there was still no official acceptance. It was taken for granted that the President would stand again.



PRESIDENT PERÓN AND SEÑORA PERÓN ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF A HUGE DEMONSTRATION WHICH CALLED ON THEM TO ACCEPT CANDIDATURE IN THE ELECTIONS.



THE HUGE DEMONSTRATION ORGANISED BY THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION OF LABOUR THRONGING THE AVENIDA NUEVE DE JULIO IN BUENOS AYRES ON AUGUST 22.



THE OPPOSITION CANDIDATES IN ARGENTINA: THE RADICAL PARTY'S NOMINATIONS: DR. RICARDO BALBIA, FOR PRESIDENT (LEFT), AND DR. FRONDISI, FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL: LIGHTING CONTROL.



THE STAGE STEWARD IN HIS CONTROL BOX: A NERVE-CENTRE OF THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL DURING AN ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.



CONTROLLING THE LIGHTING OF THE HALL AND THE STAGE DURING A BALLET: THE LIGHTING ENGINEER AT HIS CONSOLE UNDER THE ROYAL BOX.

Although the interior of the Royal Festival Hall has now been seen by some thousands of people since it was opened four months ago, very few have had the opportunity to go "behind the scenes" to see the organisation and equipment necessary for the presentation of an orchestral concert or ballet and the comfort of the Hall's patrons. Here and on pages 362 and 363 we show our readers some

aspects of this activity as seen through the eyes of our Artist, Bryan de Grineau. The Steward's Box is equipped with a loud-speaker system and telephones connected to the dressing-rooms and various other points in the Hall, and it is here that the interval signal note is sounded—the note A which enables the musicians to tune their instruments and warns the audience it is time to go to their seats.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL: FIRST-AID AND TUNING UP.



PRESIDED OVER BY A NURSING SISTER ASSISTED BY A FULLY-TRAINED STAFF: THE FIRST-AID POST ON THE FOURTH FLOOR OF THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL.



TUNING-UP TO THE AUTOMATIC "A" BROADCAST FROM THE STEWARD'S BOX: MUSICIANS IN THE CORRIDOR BEHIND THE ORCHESTRAL PLATFORM.

In a recent broadcast in the Home Service the B.B.C. took listeners behind the scenes at the Royal Festival Hall. Here our Artist presents visually some additional aspects of the organisation required to run the Royal Festival Hall. On the fourth floor in the administrative section is the first-aid post, where a fully-trained staff are always on duty during performances, to treat cases of

fainting and other minor ills and to give initial treatment to accident cases. As noted on page 361, an automatic "A" is broadcast from the Steward's Box as an interval signal and is also used by the musicians when tuning-up. Our lower picture shows a typical scene in a corridor behind the orchestral platform before a concert, while the audience are taking their seats.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL: DOMESTIC ASPECTS.



KEEPING THE AUDITORIUM AND PUBLIC ROOMS COOL IN SUMMER AND WARM IN WINTER: PART OF THE HEATING AND COOLING PLANT IN THE BASEMENT.



WHERE FOOD IS PREPARED FOR THE RESTAURANTS ABOVE: THE VAST KITCHENS IN THE BASEMENT, IN WHICH AN ARMY OF COOKS ARE CONSTANTLY AT WORK.

Members of an audience at a concert in the Royal Festival Hall are probably not aware of the activity taking place beneath their feet. Our Artist ventured into the basement to make these "behind-the-scenes" drawings. He shows part of the plant which provides heating and cooling to condition the air circulating throughout the great building, the water being drawn from the Thames

for this purpose. He also entered the vast kitchens, where an army of cooks are constantly at work throughout the day preparing and cooking food for the restaurants above. The food is sent up in lifts to the restaurants, where perhaps many of the 3,500 people who form the capacity audience for the hall are having dinner before a performance.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

THE CREATOR OF "TRILBY" AS A YOUNG MAN.

"THE YOUNG GEORGE DU MAURIER. LETTERS 1860-67." Edited by DAPHNE DU MAURIER.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

OF George du Maurier's earliest manhood on the Continent we can get some idea from the pages of "Trilby." There came a time in 1860, when he was twenty-six, when, influenced by Thomas Armstrong (afterwards Director at South Kensington) and the strong-minded girl, Emma Wightwick, whom he afterwards married, he decided to come to London and try to earn a living on *Punch* and the other London illustrated papers, including this one. He started from scratch. He had lost the sight of one eye and he was penniless. He borrowed ten pounds from his mother (who had a small annuity as daughter of May Anne Clarke, the mistress of the Duke of York) and set up as a tenant of Whistler. "I must tell you," he writes his mother shortly after arrival, "that I am now in Jemmy's studio which he has left, and for which I pay 10s. a week, unfurnished—but Jemmy has left me his bed, his sister's sheets and towels, 2 chairs, a table and lots of wonderful etchings to adorn the walls, besides the use of a dress-coat and waistcoat, quite new (when he doesn't happen to want it himself)." The earlier letters in this volume give ample evidence that it was just as easy to live the most impecunious and cheerful sort of *Vie de Bohème* in London as it was in Paris, and du Maurier's struggles were at times desperate indeed. Yet at the end of seven years we find him a prosperous and fashionable artist, with a wife and two children, who has just succeeded to John Leech's seat at the *Punch* table and his place in *Punch's* pages.

The letters are addressed to his mother abroad, to his fiancée (later wife) and to Armstrong. They are spontaneous effusions about his work, his earnings, his friends and his parties, freely sprinkled with French phrases and boyish facetiousness. A sunny nature, and the popularity which he won by his modesty, charm, eagerness and remarkable gifts as a vocalist are everywhere evident and reflected in the ease and range of his chatter.

For charming chatter it mostly is. He will not be largely drawn on by the anthologists of epistolary prose who find so much eloquence, elegance and wit in the letters of Steele and Walpole, Cowper and Lamb. He often wrote at great length both to his mother and to Armstrong, because he loved one and the other was his friend, and he wished to give them pleasure. But even a twenty-page letter from him

to the designer and colourist in him, and consequently led him into unwonted detail. He and Poynter (afterwards P.R.A.), with a third, had been to the Alhambra and heard "a lot of beastly music." "On walking home after, just as we got to Newman St. we descried a terrific glare in the Eastern heaven, miss; so they left their money and watches in my room and we started off towards Waterloo Bridge. Crowds of cabs and people running in the direction; splendid night and about 1 o'clock. When we got on



GEORGE DU MAURIER: AN UNFINISHED SELF-PORTRAIT IN OILS, PAINTED IN PARIS 1856 OR 1857.

the bridge, the finest sight we had ever seen—the bridge was crowded; and the fire seemed in Ludgate Hill. (I hoped it was Holdrich.) Fancy a jet-black mass of old houses and wharves on the river, and behind a furious lot of flames, with red clouds above, a dark blue starlit sky beyond, against which St. Paul's stood out blazing in red light so that one could see every little detail of architecture quite sharp—and the whole reflected in the perfectly still water beneath, which was covered with sleeping black barges and things, dammit! Just like some of the opium-eater's dreams—Poynter and I almost mad. One wants an arm to squeeze with such a sight as that. Well, Miss, when we had feasted our eyes from W. Bridge we made a start for the city; and the view of the fire, when we got into Fleet Street, was beyond anything in this world or out of it, and left an impression on me which I shall not forget till I cease to love you, darling.

"There were all the houses up Ludgate Hill, seeming perfectly black for the fire was just beyond in Paternoster Row, St. Paul's lighted up in a haze which made it look 10 times its real size, and that pointy steeple at the top of Ludgate Hill coming out quite black against the Cathedral. Mountains over mountains of black and blazing red architecture till one was nearly maddened with a sort of notion of eternity, for it seemed never to end, and playing over the whole a perfect orgy of bright gold dust and sparks and lighted steam from the engines—crowd swarming about like black weeds, ankle-deep in water, and a frightful-looking fire engine worked by steam and making a terrific noise. We stayed there nearly an hour right in St. Paul's Churchyard. Sometimes the steam fire engine would stop and the fire immediately gained a frightful ascendancy, then a fearful spluttering and hissing which made all the crowd heave to and fro (and tread on your Kicky's feet) announced that the hose was turned in a new direction and the engine at work again. I don't think it will have done very enormous damage, but the Insurance Companies may console themselves with the reflection that London was treated to a rare sight. We walked homewards saturated with emotion (and with water and mud from the main plugs). That enthusiastic devil, Poynter, will be laid up from it, I reckon. We went and supped in the Haymarket, and drove home, dead beat—Don't you wish we had been together, O milk and wine and honey?"

All his main characteristics are shown in this passage—his affection, his enthusiasm, his capacity for enjoyment, his humour, his pleasure in shared experiences. It may be noted that his companion was Edward Poynter, to be regarded by later generations as quintessentially academic. But in these pages artists are not seen divided into sects and schools as

art-historians see them. Leech and Keene, Millais, Leighton and Poynter, Whistler and the Pre-Raphaelites: they all figure in du Maurier's gossiping letters, and an amusing mixture of them were amongst his boon companions. There is a good deal about Whistler.

We learn, for instance, that charging as much as two guineas (!) for proofs of his etchings militated against his sales; he appears usually arrogant and once noisily and offensively drunk. Most of du Maurier's more interesting references to his contemporaries are to be found in his letters to Armstrong, who knew the milieu and talked the "shop." But his mother received some, too, over and above the family news and the financial statements. It was to her that he sent, illustrated with a delightful sketch of the little poet perched on a chair reciting, an account (1864) of a meeting with Rossetti and Swinburne at Simeon Solomon's. "Such a strange evening; Rossetti is head of the prae-Raphaelites, for Millais and Hunt have seceded; spoilt so to speak by their immense popularity; whereas Rossetti never exhibits and is comparatively unknown; this strange contempt for fame is rather grand. He is also a great poet. . . . As for Swinburne, he is without exception the most extraordinary man not that I ever met only, but that I ever read or heard of; for three hours he spouted his poetry to us, and it was of a power, beauty and originality unequalled. Everything after seems tame,



MISS DAPHNE DU MAURIER (LADY BROWNING), WHO HAS CONTRIBUTED A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION AND EDITED THE LETTERS OF GEORGE DU MAURIER WHICH ARE REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Miss Daphne du Maurier, who is the wife of Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Browning, is a daughter of the late Sir Gerald du Maurier and a granddaughter of George du Maurier. Her first novel, "The Loving Spirit," appeared in 1931, and her latest, "My Cousin Rachel," was published this summer.



JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER: FROM AN UNFINISHED PEN AND INK AND PENCIL DRAWING BY DU MAURIER, DATING FROM THE 'SIXTIES.

but the little beast will never I think be acknowledged, for he has an utterly perverted moral sense. . . . Tom and I felt like two such bourgeois that night, so healthy and human."

Du Maurier promised his mother a copy of "Faustine" as a sample. It would, one gathers, have taken more than that to shock the mother.

There are good notes to this volume and a useful introduction; but a fuller index would have been useful. The illustrations are naturally delightful.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 382 of this issue.



AFTER RIDING: FOR MAMAN BELLEMÈRE—GREAT CARE TO BE TAKEN WHEN YOU SIT DOWN—CHOOSE A SOFT CHAIR, AND MIND THE EXPRESSION OF YOUR FACE DOES NOT BETRAY YOU. (AN ILLUSTRATION FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER TO HIS FIANCÉE.)

has the air of being dashed-off; it was not his habit to try to delight or amuse his correspondent with cadences or turns of phrase or careful verbal pictures. Only once did he really let himself go on a descriptive account of a thing seen: that was when he told his Emma about a fire in the City, which had appealed

* "The Young George du Maurier: A Selection of His Letters, 1860-1867." Edited by Daphne du Maurier. With a Biographical Appendix by Derek Pepys Whiteley and Illustrations from Contemporary Drawings by du Maurier. (Peter Davies: 18s.)

NEWS IN PICTURES FROM ALL QUARTERS:
A SURVEY OF EVENTS BOTH NEAR AND FAR.



A RESERVOIR WITH A PERIMETER OF $3\frac{1}{2}$ MILES: THE INLET PIPES OF THE NEW STORAGE RESERVOIR AT CHINGFORD, WHICH HAS A CAPACITY OF SOME 3,400,000,000 GALLONS. The chairman of the Metropolitan Water Board, Mr. William Girling, arranged to open on September 4 a new storage reservoir at Chingford. This new reservoir is the largest in the Board's possession and has a perimeter of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, a top water-level of 334 acres and a capacity of some 3,400,000,000 gallons. It will be of considerable assistance in maintaining the water supply to domestic and industrial users in the eastern parts of London.



HOUSING THE OUTLET PIPE AT THE NEW CHINGFORD STORAGE RESERVOIR: A BUILDING CONNECTED BY A BRIDGE TO THE "SHORE."



WHERE THE TRIPARTITE PACT WAS SIGNED BY AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND AND THE UNITED STATES ON SEPTEMBER 1: THE ENLISTED SERVICE CLUB AT THE PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO.

On Sept. 1 a mutual defence treaty between Australia, New Zealand and the United States was signed at the Enlisted Service Club at the Presidio, Sixth Army headquarters, in San Francisco. Mr. P. C. Spender signed for Australia, and Sir Carl Berendsen for New Zealand.



AT THE CHANGING THE GUARD CEREMONY IN VIENNA: FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM AND RUSSIAN OFFICERS (LEFT) SALUTING DURING THE CEREMONY. Our photograph was taken during Field Marshal Sir William Slim's holiday in Austria and shows him at the changing the guard ceremony at the Allied Headquarters in Vienna when U.S. troops took over the duties from the Russians. The Field Marshal is seen with General West, Commander-in-Chief, British Forces in Austria, and a group of officers of the Russian Vienna Garrison on his right. Field Marshal Sir William Slim has been Chief of the Imperial General Staff since 1948.



A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE IN KANSAS IN WHICH THE THREE PASSENGERS EMERGED WITHOUT INJURY AND THE CAR, HELD BETWEEN THE EMBANKMENT AND THE BRIDGE SUPPORT, WAS LITTLE DAMAGED.



CATAPULTED FROM THE DECK OF U.S.S. MIDWAY DURING EXERCISES CONDUCTED AT SEA: A Y7U CUTLASS JET FIGHTER WHICH HAS A WING-SPAN OF 39 FT. AND LENGTH OF 40 FT. THE PROTOTYPE FIRST FLEW IN SEPTEMBER 1948, AND THE AIRCRAFT IS NOW IN PRODUCTION FOR THE U.S. NAVY.

WRITING about the food we eat to-day seems to be labour lost. Few sections of the community express public interest in it. It occupies a smaller space in the Press than formerly. Some time ago a number of housewives organised agitation on the subject, but this has largely died down. I am not even sure whether it is worth while to return to the matter; I should not do so if I did not possess evidence that in private many people, women especially, speak bitterly and resentfully about it. Nor should I drag up the dreary question were the prospects of improvement brighter. A slight improvement has indeed taken place, but it is rather in public feeding than in the household, and much more in the higher-class and more expensive restaurants than in the humbler and cheaper. The tourists who come here with a fair amount of money in their pockets often find cause to grumble, but they have no realisation of the straits of the family of modest means, or even of one with fairly large means which lacks access to some special source of supply. I will repeat what I said on the last occasion I dealt here with food, that my complaints are not mainly personal. I can go to a club where food is quite good; I can occasionally go to a first-class restaurant; and I am a member of a common room with a better board than either. I have had some butter from Ireland, Brittany and South Africa, and eggs from various places.

If the powers that rule our daily lives have made up their minds to tame us and make us accept the present situation as the normal, they look like succeeding. The other day, in a grocer's shop, one woman remarked to another: "You know, I can't remember that the queues were half as bad as this before the war." Now, before the war there were queues for cinemas and excursion trains, but, broadly speaking, none at all for food. I recall that in the early stages of the war many uneducated people could not even pronounce the word "queue," any more than the word "coupon." The medical profession apparently takes the view that, though our food is extremely uninteresting, and therefore lacks nourishment for the dainty feeder, it is otherwise adequate; yet when I last wrote on this subject I received letters from individual doctors who strongly disagreed with the general verdict of their colleagues. The Ministry of Food has scored a triumph in training most of a generation into an inability to distinguish between butter and margarine; yet I know a household which every week goes on to dry toast as soon as the butter ration is finished.

If it be desirable that the standard should be established as far as possible on the level of the least sensitive and the neediest, then the Ministry of Food is to be praised for its endeavours and congratulated on their results. Cake-shops do a roaring trade in cakes and "pastries" doctored up with highly-flavoured lard which looks something like cream. The things themselves resemble sawdust to the taste, because no eggs or butter are used in their composition, but they are obviously much appreciated. Yet it is not altogether "fair shares for all," as we are so often told. The woman who has at once a purse and a palate makes her cakes at home, or, if she wants a wedding-cake or gives a party, takes her eggs to the pastrycook. In the same way, she buys ham from Denmark and France; cheeses from Denmark, France and Italy; charcuterie from these three countries and from Holland; venison from Scotland; and many other goods which put her and her household on a different standard altogether. On the whole, she is remarkably law-abiding. In this she differs from the beautiful young Italian recently married to a British officer, who took a car in a country town and said: "Please drive me to the Black Market." The driver scratched his head. "But it isn't all in one department in these parts," he answered, "so perhaps you'll tell me what lines you're dealing in."

I suppose the egg may be considered the most fundamental article of diet in this country. It is one of which few people ever tire and can be served in many different forms. It is also the basis of all good cooking. Week after week the ordinary and unprivileged housewife has drawn one single egg per head of her family, and for a long time these were "sealed" and of doubtful quality. This is not the only trouble. The wretched ration may be regularly "honoured," which

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE PEOPLE'S FOOD.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

means that the one indifferent egg will turn up sooner or later; but the housewife may go to her dealer two or three times, to be told that the eggs are not in. No business organisation which could not at least insure that such goods were available on the same day each week could survive for a year, but the Ministry cannot handle eggs any better than it can grow ground-nuts. Again, the pundits told us early this year that eggs were short because it had been wet, and that all would be well later. The good time promised never came. The reason has not been announced. The urban population, divorced as it has become from country life and farming, has no notion what it is. The main cause of shortage of English eggs has been the wholesale slaughter of fowl, due to the cost of feeding them, and to the private sale of eggs almost all over the country except in the cities to individuals who pay more than the market price. The poulterers have

When I took the hint he expanded a little. "You see, Sir," he said, "the Argentine sells the best it has to any country but this, and we get what's left." Melancholy words in a land where, if the cookery was never brilliant, the meat was the best in the world!

One of the war shortages which some people found particularly depressing was that of dried fruits. It was therefore gratifying when they reappeared in unlimited quantities. Most people thought that we should never be without them again, except in the case of another war. Yet the incredible has happened. So far as I can find out, the story is the following. We refused to take the Greek crop because the Greeks would not accept a cut in the world price. The Irish, however, went into the market to some purpose. Having satisfied their own needs, they have now made up considerable quantities into "mincemeat," which they are selling here at a much higher price. This is a great deprivation, and not only as regards cakes and fruit puddings. Mothers who could not give their children puddings made with eggs had fallen into the habit of putting currants or, better still, sultanas, into milk puddings. It was found that many children who did not care for milk puddings served only with sugar—and often little enough of that—ate them with

pleasure when accompanied by the fruit. Here, then, is the latest cut, and it has behind it no reason but ignorance, stupidity and sheer "cussedness." It is another example of work being done by pundits remote from everyday life instead of by trade experts.

I remarked at the beginning of this article that I should not have written it had the prospects of improvement been better. There is, in fact, a strong possibility that in default of protest on a big scale matters will grow worse. Improvements which were coming about naturally are likely to be nipped in the bud. For example, the year 1950 was the best for British eggs since 1939, and for a long period one could buy as many as one needed and could afford. This year it has been officially hinted that egg-production has reached its economic height and that it may be necessary to take measures to prevent its becoming excessive. If this egregious statement is really representative of policy, it is a plot against the people's food. Will the people resist it? Sometimes the planners can be defeated. When the British market was last cut off from Argentine meat they had to go back and resume trading by paying a higher price than that which they had been asked earlier. Yet another rise might bring about a new cut and more hunger, accompanied by the appeal to patriotism with which people are expected to fill their bellies instead of with beef.

Another piece of propaganda which has been pushed down hungry throats is that the meat on the Continent is only for the rich, not for the poor. It has been the more plausible because meat on the Continent has become very expensive, and those whom the French Government call "the economically feeble"—the very poorest—can often not afford more than once a week. Yet, as I pointed out at the time when this propaganda was at its height, France is eating more meat in total and more meat per head than before the war. Doubtless the rich are

better off than the poor as regards nourishment, just as they are here. Yet only tricksters could pretend—and I am afraid only simpletons could believe—that meat in France is reserved for the rich. If that were so, they would have to eat meat on a scale which no human being has ever yet attained. In truth, the workman in a reasonably good job in France eats nearly twice as much meat as his British brother, though he may spend less on clothing and spends very much less on tobacco.

Public opinion is the only means of righting these abuses. If the people are, in fact, satisfied with affairs as they are, there is little more to be said. They will be voluntarily abandoning another portion of their liberty and resigning themselves to another abasement of the British national status. They will be increasing the tendency to clandestine dealings in foodstuffs. Already in the farming world, not only are transactions carried out more and more by means of notes, always a bad sign, but a new element has appeared, one of which I myself at least never heard during the war. It is that of barter. One day we may hear of Whitehall ordering the execution of the British kulaks.

COMMODITY	QUANTITY	RETAIL PRICES IN 1938 (AVERAGE FIGURES)	CURRENT AVERAGE RETAIL PRICES INCLUDING SUBSIDY. M.O.F. 1951	ESTIMATED COST TO CONSUMER WITHOUT SUBSIDY. M.O.F. 1951.
Meat	lb.	9½d.	1/8d.	1/10½d.
Tea	lb.	2/3½d.	3/8d.	4/4½d.
Milk	Quart	6½d.	11d.	1/1½d.
Butter	lb.	1/4d.	2/6d.	3/3½d.
Margarine	lb.	6½d.	1/2d.	1/6d.
Sugar	lb.	2½d.	6d.	6½d.
Bread	4-lb. loaf	9d.	1/- (3½-lb. loaf)	1/6d. (3½-lb. loaf)
Cheese	lb.	11d.	1/2d.	2/4½d.
Bacon	lb.	1/3½d.	2/7d.	3/10½d.
Flour	7-lb. bag	1/3d.	2/2½d.	3/4½d.
Eggs	Dozen	1/10d.	3/7½d.	4/9½d.

THE RISING COST OF FOODSTUFFS TO THE CONSUMER: A TABLE SHOWING THE PRICES OF ESSENTIAL COMMODITIES IN 1938 AND THE PRICES RULING TO-DAY

	CEREALS	POTATOES	SUGAR	MEAT (CARCASE WEIGHT)	MILK	OILS AND FATS
PER CENT. OF PRE-WAR CONSUMPTION LEVEL						
United Kingdom	107	139	76	81	160	110
Norway	97	98	62	97	135	104
Sweden	89	95	111	96	95	111
Denmark	107	122	61	89	104	81
Netherlands	91	125	112	82	134	130
Belgium-Luxemburg	95	95	111	93	122	111
France	94	91	96	102	107	86
Switzerland	109	105	105	84	99	100
Western Germany	92	109	104	75	91	91
Austria	99	110	92	63	75	78
Italy	96	81	157	95	139	92
Greece	94	243	100	60	74	100

THE ESTIMATED CONSUMPTION LEVELS PER HEAD OF THE PRINCIPAL FOODS FOR THE YEAR 1950-51 EXPRESSED AS A PERCENTAGE OF THE PRE-WAR LEVELS. (Reproduced from *Parliamentary Debates (Hansard)*, Volume 490, No. 154, by permission of His Majesty's Stationery Office, R.O.)

had huge stocks of so-called chickens—at a price. The same story has to be told about rationed meat: minute quantity, miserable quality, and uncertain appearance. A friend of mine who is a Member of Parliament pointed out in a speech this spring that the meat ration then in force amounted to about half the quantity of that of the blackest period of the war, when the U-boats were sinking ships at the rate of ten a week and upwards. If the country had maintained the high and critical spirit of former times, that speech would have been the subject of the liveliest discussion, but it was hardly noticed, except in the speaker's constituency. Now, we are painfully struggling back towards the lowest wartime standard. The other day I took up the menu at a restaurant and found roast beef inscribed upon it. I said to the waiter that this was an unusual pleasure and that I would have some. The waiter did not reply, but assumed that sour, aloof, expression so well known to diners-out, an expression which means that he does not care to run down his master's bill of fare, but that the customer would be wise to choose something else.



WALKING FROM THEIR HELICOPTER, U.N. LIAISON OFFICERS MAKE FOR THE WAITING COMMUNIST JEEP, TO DELIVER GENERAL RIDGWAY'S MESSAGE.

THE KAESONG DEADLOCK, AND INCIDENTS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE KOREAN WAR.



GENERAL RIDGWAY'S REFUSAL TO REOPEN THE KAESONG INVESTIGATION IS HANDED BY COL. LEE SOO YOUNG (RIGHT) TO THE COMMUNIST CHIEF LIAISON OFFICER.



A SPECTACULAR HELICOPTER RESCUE IN WHICH FOURTEEN U.S. ENGINEERS WERE LIFTED FROM A DRIFTING PONTOON IN A KOREAN RIVER BY FOUR U.S. H-5 HELICOPTERS.



CUTTING NORTH KOREAN RAIL COMMUNICATIONS: THE WRECKAGE OF AN EAST COAST RAILWAY VIADUCT, BOMBED BY AIRCRAFT FROM THE U.S.S. PRINCETON.



THE COMMANDER OF THE 28TH COMMONWEALTH BRIGADE, BRIGADIER GEORGE TAYLOR, READING INTELLIGENCE REPORTS AT THE DOOR OF HIS CARAVAN IN WESTERN KOREA.

On August 28 General Ridgway replied with a brief and firm refusal to the Communist commanders' long and harsh statement demanding a new investigation of the alleged bombing at Kaesong. At the same time he made it clear that when the Chinese and North Korean Communist commanders were prepared to terminate the suspension of the armistice negotiations which they had declared on August 23, he would then direct the United Nations representatives to meet



OFFICERS OF THE 1ST BN., THE KING'S SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY WITH THEIR GREAT DANE MASCOT SIMON, A VETERAN OF TWELVE YEARS' SERVICE WITH SEVERAL UNITS.

the Communist representatives to seek a reasonable armistice agreement. This firm reply was addressed to General Kim Il Sung, the North Korean commander, and General P'eng Te-huai, the Chinese commander. While there was still no official reply from the Communists, a heavy attack by North Korean troops was launched in the east-central sector of what is called "Bloody Ridge," and very severe fighting took place. There was also a marked increase in air activity.



A PANORAMA OF THE DARING EXPLOIT IN WHICH AN ALMOST COMPLETE RUSSIAN MIG-15 JET FIGHTER WAS RECOVERED FOR STUDY FROM ENEMY WATERS. (ABOVE) THE FRIGATE CARDIGAN BAY STANDING OFF, WHILE THE SALVAGE OPERATION IS IN PROGRESS IN THE NARROW CHANNEL BETWEEN MUDFLATS, BENEATH A HELICOPTER'S GUIDANCE, AND AIRCRAFT ATTACK NORTH KOREAN A.A. BATTERIES ON THE COAST. (BELOW, LEFT) A CLOSE-UP OF THE SALVAGE OPERATIONS IN PROGRESS; AND (BELOW, RIGHT) AS THE OPERATION IS SUCCESSFULLY CONCLUDED, CARDIGAN BAY'S GUNS BOMBARD THE COAST "FOR GOOD MEASURE."



THE RECOVERY OF "THE CROWN JEWELS": HOW THE ROYAL NAVY, WITH U.S. AND SOUTH KOREAN ASSISTANCE, RECOVERED AN ALMOST COMPLETE MIG-15 JET FIGHTER FROM PERILOUS ENEMY WATERS.

Reports were received in the summer that a Russian-built MIG-15 jet fighter was lying in shallow water off the west coast of Korea, over 100 miles behind the enemy lines. Aircraft from H.M.S. *Glory* fixed the position and took photographs, and a U.S. Navy helicopter from that ship dropped a buoy and marked the position. Captain W. L. M. Brown, O.B.E., D.S.C., R.N., commanding the frigate H.M.S. *Cardigan Bay*, was given the task of retrieving the downed aircraft.

From the value of the prize and since recovering it was like trying to find King John's jewels in the Wash, the aircraft was generally nicknamed "The Crown Jewels" throughout the operation. The problem of its recovery was complicated by the fact that the aircraft was lying in shoal water which could only be approached by shallow-draught craft through a tortuous channel in fast-running currents. The original plan involved using two junks, but later it was possible to obtain a



U.S. shallow-draught landing-craft carrying a mobile crane and technical U.S. Air Force and Army personnel and equipment. On July 20, H.M.S. *Cardigan Bay*, a South Korean launch and the American L.S.U. approached the scene. Ratings from *Cardigan Bay* set out in the ship's boats for the wrecked aircraft, where they were joined by the L.S.U., and work began in the evening, with aircraft from H.M.S. *Glory* providing an air screen. A party of about fifty floundered about on the

mudbanks, finding the parts of the aircraft and attaching buoys so that they could be lifted when the water rose later, and Petty Officer William Feltham, wearing shallow-water diving-dress, attached a hoist to the body of the fighter (see frontispiece). When the water rose, the L.S.U. lifted the remains of the aircraft on board, and darkness falling, the party withdrew to the *Cardigan Bay*. In the morning, aircraft from the U.S.S. *Sicily* took over the duty of air cover; and the ships withdrew at the close of their triumphant mission.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH THE CO-OPERATION, AND FROM THE SKETCHES, OF CAPTAIN W. L. M. BROWN, O.B.E., D.S.C., R.N., COMMANDING H.M.S. CARDIGAN BAY.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



BIRDSONG, I have recently discovered, can be a costly luxury, especially the song of blackbirds. It is a luxury, moreover, which is forced upon me, whether I like it or no, and I have to pay for it, either in cash or in kind, whether I want to or not. As it happens, I like the song of blackbirds immensely, but the price I am forced to pay for it irks me not a little.

It is like this. Four years ago I planted in my garden a couple of dozen young gooseberry bushes which I had struck from cuttings. Among them are four antique varieties, dating back to the days when

COSTLY MUSIC.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

a dozen or more were hard at it stripping the bushes, and off they scuttled to cover directly anyone came near. I tried the effect of gunfire, but it had no more lasting effect than blasphemy. In a moment of fury I even shot one marauder—and was sorry. All to no purpose. My whole crop melted and was gone before it was two-thirds ripe.

Next year something will have to be done about this black peril. But what? In the gardens of the rich, they erect great aviaries in reverse, cages of wire netting to exclude birds from the gooseberries and the raspberries. In poorer gardens they spread lace curtains, balloon-wise, over the bushes. Being middling poor I fall between two stools. A wire-netting fruit cage would prove too costly, and I have no lace curtains. I have often wondered, by the by, whether lace curtains really do keep blackbirds from stealing cottagers' gooseberries, and if so, how and why. Do the birds mistake the device for a rather blatantly obvious trap, or are they just scared by the blatant ugliness?

I have done a lot of hard, not to say vindictive, thinking in the matter of saving my fruit next year. It might be possible to adapt a technique by which a friend tells me he has saved his pear crop from being ruined by tits, who came and pecked the fruit at the stalk-end. He daubed every twig or stem on which the birds could perch to do their pecking with the sticky material that is used for grease-banding apple-trees. This completely foxed the tits and saved the crop. He left

As to the raspberries, I have every intention of experimenting with bird-lime or grease-banding material next year, for the way in which the fruit is carried lends itself to the plan. I watched the blackbirds at work this summer and saw that they usually perched upon the slender stems which branch out at an angle from the main cane and carry the berries. Often these stems were broken down by the birds' weight. I feel very sure that a dab of bird-lime on each perching-space would scare the blackbirds out of their wits, and yet do them no lasting harm, and once so scared they will, I hope, abandon the frenzy of gluttony with which they guzzled my crop this year.

It is strange that William Morris should have immortalised this dreadful business of stolen fruit in one of his famous wall-paper designs. He called it, if I remember aright, the Orchard Thief—or Thieves. One of my earliest and pleasantest childhood recollections is of that wall-paper. It embellished the walls of the passage leading from our dining-room to the pantry and kitchen regions where, as a very small boy, I was skilled at wheedling forbidden delicacies from the cook and the maids. As I remember it, it had an all-over tapestry effect of foliage, with blackbirds facing one another in pairs at regular intervals in a sort of superimposed pattern among the foliage. Each bird held a cherry in his bill, which he was plucking in a rather photographic arrested-motion attitude. Crime was depicted and spread over those walls by the square yard! How much pleasanter if William Morris had omitted the cherries and given the birds a slight pneumatic bulge in the region of the Adam's apple. Then, with their half-open bills, they would have been in full and glorious song, instead of taking toll for their costly music.



"GROSEILLIER GRENA GREEN": A MAGNIFICENT FRENCH PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS OLD ENGLISH GOOSEBERRY, DRAWN BY THAT GREAT ARTIST OF FRUIT, A. RIOCREUX, AND REPRODUCED FROM *LE JARDIN FRUITIER DU MUSEUM* (1862-73), VOL. 9.

gooseberries were grown to gigantic size, to compete in special gooseberry shows, especially in Cheshire and Lancashire. Apparently it was size of individual berry that counted. My four varieties are "Moreton's Hero," "White Lion," "Roaring Lion" and "London." "London" held, and probably still holds, the world's record for the largest berry ever produced. In 1852 a single berry weighed 37 dwt. 7 gr. It was raised, or exhibited, by one Banks, and is described as having a "plump, nicely-rounded nose, skin smooth, deep purplish-red. Flavour good, but not first rate." A gooseberry with a plump, nicely-rounded nose and weighing close on 2 ozs. may be forgiven for being not absolutely first rate in the matter of flavour.

My gooseberry bushes, thanks to strong soil, tactful manuring and careful pruning, have grown into fine, thrifty specimens, and this year the branches were roped with a tremendous crop of fruit. But apart from a moderate thinning, that was gathered for stewing and for jam, I lost the whole crop. Stolen by blackbirds. Not one was left to ripen. In the same way I lost more than half the heavy crop of that best of raspberries, "Malling Promise." The only compensation was that the blackbirds were so absorbed with this devilish work that they overlooked my hybrid black-fruited raspberries, which are even better than the best: richer, sweeter, more luscious, and far easier to pick.

What could I do about it? I festooned both raspberry canes and gooseberry bushes with those thin, polished, metal, flag-like scarers that glitter in the sun and crackle in the wind. But all they accomplished was to advertise the fact that here was fruit for stealing. Two days after they were hung up, the birds took not the slightest notice of them. The song of a blackbird when he is in love and mating is divine music. But his gluttonous chuckle when he is guzzling gooseberries is infuriating. Down they swooped in twos and threes directly my back was turned, till

a few branches untreated, as a control, and in every untreated case the pears were attacked. It might be possible and effective to daub my gooseberry bushes, strategically, in the same way, though I fear it might make the gathering of the crop a gooey business in addition to the bloody business that it normally is.

If I could devise a practical and inexpensive way of keeping them on the spot, I would like to turn down a stealth of fierce and hungry cats among my gooseberry and raspberry bushes for the duration of the fruit season. One or two blackbirds might pay the penalty at first, but the bulk would soon learn caution, if not respect, for other folks' property. Although fierce cats fit my present mood, I can think of no way of enclosing them that would cost any less than the building of a wire fruit cage. I shall therefore almost certainly resort to a less blood-thirsty and vengeful plan. I shall leave my existing gooseberries as they are, gathering as much of the green crop as is needed for home use, and sell the rest of the crop, green. Then I shall plant a single row of a few of the finest and best-flavoured dessert varieties and grow them as cordons trained to wires. It will be a comparatively simple and inexpensive matter to net such a single row of cordons, and so get a crop of fully-ripe fruit. Already I have a few cordon gooseberries on a short length of north wall, and among them are two specimens of the famous "London," so that I shall have an opportunity of admiring its "plump, nicely-rounded noses."



ONE OF THE EARLY CLASSIC "GIANT GOOSEBERRIES": "CROMPTON'S SHEBA QUEEN," FROM A HAND-COLOURED ENGRAVING, DRAWN BY MRS. WITHERS AND REPRODUCED IN *THE POMOLOGICAL MAGAZINE*, VOL. I. (1828). "Among the Lancashire Gooseberries," wrote *The Pomological Magazine*, "which are cultivated more on account of their size as prize fruits than for their merits in the dessert, this has the advantage of possessing a very superior flavour." The "Lancashire Gooseberries" were varieties especially grown for competitions, competitions which are still held, and have been since about 1800. In these contests, the entrants gather round a table at which the judge presides with a goldsmith's scales, on which individual fruits are weighed with meticulous care in pennyweights and grains. Weight alone is the scoring point, but the fruit must be intact. Cases have been known where the competing gooseberry has passed its zenith of obesity actually on the scales and disqualified itself within a moment of triumph. Favourite varieties in the old records were "Crown Bob," "Falstaff," "Lord Derby" and "Lady Popham."

NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD: THE ROVING CAMERA
RECORDS CURRENT EVENTS BY LAND AND BY SEA.



SUPREME CHAMPION OF THE RECENT INTERNATIONAL SHEEP DOG TRIALS: MR. JOHN HOLLIDAY WITH ROY II.
Winner of the English challenge cup for the supreme champion in the English trials of the International Sheep Dog Society at Grange Park, Wetherby, on August 25, was Mr. John H. Holliday, of Pateley Bridge, Yorkshire, with the five-year-old *Roy II.*, a collie that has been doing well in leading trials over the last few years. *Roy II.* was awarded 106 marks out of a maximum of 110. [Photograph: "Farmer's Weekly."]



THE WINNER OF THE TOUR OF BRITAIN BICYCLE RACE: IAN STEEL
WHO COMPLETED THE 1400-MILES IN 63 HOURS 9 MINS. 53 SECS. The Tour of Britain bicycle race, organised by the *Daily Express*, in the manner of the Tour de France races, ended at Hampstead Heath on September 1, the overall winner being the Scottish Ian Steel, although the first home in the last leg was the Frenchman, Eugène Garnier. Steel's team, Viking, also won the team title easily, their chief rivals, Dayton, having withdrawn from the last stage.



CREATOR OF TWO RECORDS IN THE GERMAN GRAND PRIX MOTOR-CYCLE RACES: GEOFFREY DUKE (NORTON).
In the German Grand Prix motor-cycle races at Stuttgart on August 26, British riders and machines almost swept the board. In the two chief events, the 350 c.c. and 500 c.c., Geoffrey Duke, the world champion, was the winner, and in each case set up a new record. In the 500 c.c. race British machines won the first four places; in the 350 c.c. the first six.



KENTON, THE BEST-KEPT STATION IN THE LONDON AREA OF THE LONDON MIDLAND REGION: WITH STATIONMASTER E. J. STRAIGHT AND PORTER G. DAVIES.
Railway station gardening is a justly honoured art and craft, and this year's winner among the sixty-eight entries in the London area of the London Midland region competition is Kenton, in Middlesex, with its gay and crowded sloping borders.



PENNED IN WITH AN EXPERIMENTAL ELECTRIC WIRE FENCE: POULTRY AT HILL FARM, LITTLE RISSINGTON, IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.
A farmer at Little Rissington, Gloucestershire, has been experimenting with an electric fence system for penning young birds from eight weeks old to the point of laying. One wire, about 4 ins. from the ground, has proved to be about 85 per cent. satisfactory. Another will probably be added.



AN HISTORIC MANSION FOR WHICH THE WARWICK SOCIETY IS STARTING A PURCHASE FUND: GUY'S CLIFFE, ON THE WARWICK-KENILWORTH ROAD, TWO MILES FROM WARWICK.
The Warwick Society is starting a fund to buy Guy's Cliffe House, on the Warwick-Kenilworth road, two miles from the county town. The Society exists to preserve the historic and architectural amenities of the district. The Ministry of Town and Country Planning has listed the house, a Saxon mill, an old well, and an archway on the estate, so that two months' notice must be given to the county authority before demolition or alteration is possible.



ARRIVING IN NEW YORK: THE 3543-TON FULL-RIGGED SAILING VESSEL AMERIGO VESPUCCI, AN ITALIAN TRAINING-SHIP. SHE IS MAKING A SUMMER TRAINING CRUISE WITH MIDSHIPMEN FROM THE ITALIAN NAVAL ACADEMY AT LEGHORN ON BOARD. THE SHIP TRAVELS MOSTLY UNDER SAIL AT SEA.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.

**GENERAL NOIRET.**

Has succeeded General Guillaume as C-in-C. of the French occupation forces in Germany. He has been Military Governor of Lyons since 1949. Born in 1895, he was a C-in-C. on the north-eastern front in 1940. He escaped to North Africa after the occupation and was subsequently head of the Military Mission in London.

**MR. ROBERT WALKER.**

The well-known film-actor, died in Hollywood on August 28, aged thirty-two. Mr. Walker and his first wife, Jennifer Jones, scored great success when very young. He starred in "Bataan," "Madame Curie," "See Here, Private Hargrove," "Since You Went Away," and in "Strangers on a Train," now showing in London.

**MR. KOISHIRO AZAKAI.**

First official representative of the Japanese Government to come to London since the war. Mr. Azakai arrived on August 29 accompanied by a staff of five. He will be head of the Japanese Overseas Agency in London, a trade agency with certain Consular functions, and he will be regarded as having the status of a Consul-General.

**DR. SERGE VORONOFF.**

Died at Lausanne on September 2, aged eighty-five. Born at Voronezh, Russia, he became a naturalised French citizen in 1897, and Director of the Experimental Surgery Laboratory, College de France. During World War I, he served as a military surgeon and devoted himself to the problem of bone-grafting. He later became famous for his experiments in rejuvenation by grafting monkey glands into human beings. He claimed that he could add fifteen to twenty years to a person's life.



BEING GREETED BY THE ITALIAN DEFENCE MINISTER, SIGNOR PACCIARDI: FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY (LEFT) DURING HIS VISIT TO ROME.

Field Marshal Lord Montgomery arrived in Rome on August 27 for a four-day visit after his tour of inspection of Italy's north-eastern frontier defences and of Italian forces. He had conversations with the Italian Chiefs of Staff, and with Signor Pacciardi.



REPORTED TO HAVE ADOPTED HIS GERMAN TITLE: MR. GEORGE MANSFIELD, A GRANDSON OF THE KAISER, WITH HIS WIFE, SONS AND NIECE.

Mr. George Mansfield, a grandson of the Kaiser, and now a British subject, has given notice that he has abandoned the surname of Mansfield. The Home Office is to enquire into reports that he is to adopt the title of Prince Friedrich von Preussen.

**MR. DANIEL HOPKIN.**

Died suddenly on August 30, aged sixty-five. He had been Stipendiary Magistrate at Marlborough Street since 1947. From 1929-31 and from 1935 until his appointment as a Metropolitan Magistrate in 1941, he was Socialist M.P. for Carmarthen. He was a member of the recently-appointed Divorce Commission.

**GENERAL SIR ROB LOCKHART.**

Appointed Director of Operations in Malaya in succession to General Sir Harold Briggs. General Lockhart (aged fifty-nine), the first C-in-C., Indian Army (Dominion of India), August-December, 1947, retired in 1948. He was Governor-General, North-West Frontier Province, July-August, 1947.



WATCHING YACHT RACING IN CANNES BAY, DURING THEIR HONEYMOON: KING FAROUK OF EGYPT (IN DARK GLASSES) WITH HIS WIFE (IN YACHTING CAP).

The King and Queen of Egypt, who have paid visits to Sicily, Italy, Switzerland and France during their honeymoon, can be seen in our photograph attending the opening of the annual yacht and motor-boat contests at Cannes.



DENOUNCING THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN TREATY: NAHAS PASHA ADDRESSING A MASS MEETING IN ALEXANDRIA.

On Aug. 23 Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, addressed a mass meeting in Alexandria to celebrate the twenty-fourth anniversary of the death of Saad Zaghlul, the Nationalist leader. In his speech he said it was time Egypt "got rid of" the 1936 Treaty.



ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED: PRINCESS MARIE-GABRIELLE OF LUXEMBURG AND COUNT KNUD HOLSTEIN LEDREBORG OF DENMARK. THE WEDDING IS EXPECTED TO TAKE PLACE IN NOVEMBER.

The engagement was announced on August 24 of Princess Marie-Gabrielle, twenty-six-year-old daughter of the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg and Count Knud Holstein Ledreborg of Denmark. The wedding is expected to take place in November at Colmer-Berg Castle.



FIELD MARSHAL PAPAGOS, THE LEADER OF A NEW GREEK POLITICAL PARTY, THE GREEK RALLY, IN SALONIKA.

Field Marshal Papagos, who is the leader of a new Greek political party, the Greek Rally, is standing in the Greek elections on September 9 and has stated that the purpose of the new party is to make a third force and to oppose alike Communism and corruption.



A "GEHMI" AT WORK: AN INGENUOUS AMERICAN DEVICE USED FOR REFLOATING GROUNDED LANDING CRAFT IN THE COURSE OF MARINE MANŒUVRES

This curious-looking piece of apparatus, like a huge horseshoe mounted on wheels, is used to re-launch landing craft which have been used in amphibious manœuvres and which are immediately required for return to the parent craft and using again.

AIR, WATER AND LANDING CRAFT, AND FESTIVAL SPANISH DANCERS.



TO BE LAID-UP IN THE "MOTHBALL" FLEET: THE 35,000-TON BATTLESHIP *DUKE OF YORK*, UNDER TOW FROM SPITHEAD ON HER WAY TO THE GARELOCH IN THE CLYDE. On September 2, H.M.S. *Duke of York* (first commissioned 1941) left Spithead under tow for Liverpool. Later she will be towed to the Gareloch, where the working parts of her gun-mountings and machinery will be "cocooned." Her laying-up means that H.M.S. *Vanguard* is the only battleship of the Royal Navy not "in mothballs."



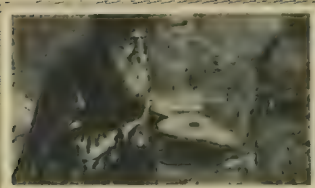
READY TO MAKE HER RECORD FLIGHT OF 135 MILES, THE BEST ACHIEVED BY SINGLE-STAGE ROCKETS: THE NO. 7 MARTIN *VIKING* ROCKET ON HER MOUNTING.

On August 7 the U.S. Navy's No. 7 Martin *Viking* rocket travelled 135 miles, reaching an altitude of 25 miles, and achieving a speed of 4100 miles per hour. The previous record flight for single-stage rockets was 114 miles, set up by a German V-2. The *Viking* burned liquid oxygen and ethyl alcohol.



SPANISH DANCERS FROM CORDOBA REHEARSING AT THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION FOR THEIR PART IN THE FESTIVAL OF DANCING AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL.

Over 130 dancers, including leading exponents of national dancing from Scotland, Northern Ireland, Spain and Yugoslavia, were to take part in a Festival of Dancing to be held in the Royal Festival Hall (drawings of which appear elsewhere in this issue) on September 3.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE tree-creeper is a favourite with the ornithological beginner. Although there is nothing distinctive in its appearance, apart from the thin, slightly curved bill, its behaviour is quite unlike that of any other of our British birds. Usually the first we see of the tree-creeper is when a small bird flies down from the upper parts of one tree and settles on the base of another. With hardly a pause it then

perhaps mainly downwards. The beaks, too, are so different: the one like a stylet or, better still, a pair of fine-pointed forceps, that of the nuthatch like a stout awl and, one would expect, more used to boring—a minor edition of the woodpecker's bill.

Sitting near some trees on a recent sunny afternoon, watching a tree-creeper at work and having little else to do, it seemed worth while testing the story. So I examined the trunks of the different trees to see if there was any difference in configuration of the bark viewed in opposite directions that might lend colour to the theory. There was none that I could see. Also, with the naked eye, I could see nothing of the insects that presumably infest it and upon which the birds feed. With a hand-lens, magnifying everything ten times, however, it was another thing altogether. A new world was opened up to me and in a short while I had forgotten the problem in bird ecology upon which I had originally embarked.

The irregularities and crevices in the bark, under the lens, became a rugged landscape, with broad ridges and plateaux scored by deep gullies, dark caverns and inaccessible recesses. The flora was represented by numerous lichens, from those smaller than a pin's head to luxuriant growths readily visible to the naked eye. It was a world of greens, greys and browns of varying shades, recalling nothing so much as our imaginary pictures of the surface of the earth in early geological times, before the giant ferns or the flowering plants had put in an appearance. The animal inhabitants of the bark, as seen ten times their natural size, did nothing to detract from the bizarre nature of the scene. Most of

very early times. The largest thing I saw, a giant among the rest, was a millipede half an inch long.

Absorbed in the scene revealed by the magnifying-glass, it was something of a shock suddenly to find myself the centre of interest of a group of young people, who had apparently been watching for some minutes, wondering, no doubt, what I was doing with my face close to the bark, holding a small ruler in one hand and a magnifying-glass in the other, and running both up and down the tree. No doubt my behaviour looked a little odd, but I had learned two things. The first concerned the acuteness of a tree-creeper's sight. To be able to move so rapidly over the bark, to pick out with its beak such small insects from the inaccessible crevices, suggests an acuteness of vision and a fine muscular control which can be imagined only after an exercise such as I had attempted. The second thing was this: it is always pointed out that the tree-creeper is not disturbed by the presence of human beings, that it continues its foraging indifferent to what is going on around it. Even given eyes as sharp as seems to be the case, it surely must concentrate all its attention on its task. And to get a sufficiency of food from such a scanty and minute population requires speed and continuity of working. In fact, a tree-creeper must behave as I had been doing, so far as my group of spectators was concerned.

One other point can be emphasised as a result of this simple exercise. This concerns the relation of the predator to its prey. If tree-creepers cleaned up the



SHOWING THE SPIKY TAIL-FEATHERS WHICH SUPPORT AND ASSIST THE BIRD IN ITS UPWARD CLIMB: A TREE-CREEPER SEARCHING THE BARK OF A TREE FOR INSECTS.

The tree-creeper is not readily seen because of its small size (5 ins. overall, including tail) and its coloration—a brown streaked with grey above and a silvery grey below. The tail consists of twelve stiff-pointed feathers, dull reddish-brown in colour.

goes up in more or less of a spiral round the trunk, with a mouse-like movement, searching the crevices of the bark with its needle bill. On a well-grown tree, say, an oak, it may travel along each branch in turn. Arriving at the outer end of the first branch, it flies in to the base of the next branch, and so on. The general direction is, therefore, always upwards, and only rarely will the bird depart from this general practice and travel downwards along a branch; but I do not recall one travelling down a trunk.

It is fairly easy to get a close view of a tree-creeper; it pays little attention to us humans. Then, we see a bird about 5 ins. in length, of which one-half is tail. These tail-feathers are spiky and are pressed against the trunk, like the tail-feathers of a woodpecker, to support and assist their owner in its upward climb. The only other of our native species, apart from woodpeckers, with habits approaching those of the tree-creeper, is the nuthatch, a common enough bird, with a plumage as striking as the tree-creeper's is undistinguished.

I have seen it suggested that the activities of these two birds are complementary, that as the tree-creeper hunts the bark from the bottom of the tree upwards, and the nuthatch works downwards, a tree is effectively cleaned of the insects sheltering in the bark. If this were true it would offer a pretty study in ecology. But is it true? A nuthatch may sometimes be seen on isolated trees, but is more commonly seen in woodlands, or in clumps of trees, at the least; the tree-creeper usually hunts the isolated trees, though it may be seen in woodlands. Then again, while the tree-creeper mostly travels up the tree, it is by no means the case that the nuthatch always travels down a tree; rather, it moves in almost any direction, though

them were less than one-sixteenth of an inch long. One of the commonest was a mite, with polished mahogany brown, almost spherical, body looking like a beetle until one saw the four pairs of legs. There were aphides, almost transparent, pale-green with patches of delicate deeper green, a beetle with a back like velvet chequered greyish-white and brown, and a number of others of similar beauty. And everywhere the crevices were adorned with spiders' webs, the largest an inch across, from webs consisting of no more than an irregular tangle of threads to delicate tubes of a sixteenth of an inch bore slung in the larger cracks. Most interesting of all were some primitive wingless insects, relics of the primeval insect ancestors carried over from the Carboniferous period, and a primitive millipede, also reminiscent of those



THE ONLY OTHER OF OUR NATIVE SPECIES, APART FROM WOODPECKERS, WITH HABITS APPROACHING THOSE OF THE TREE-CREEPER: A NUTHATCH, SHOWING THE BEAK WHICH, UNLIKE THAT OF A TREE-CREEPER, RESEMBLES A STOUT AWL.

The nuthatch is more brightly coloured than the tree-creeper, being bluish above with chestnut flanks and light buff below with a white throat. It is about the same size as the tree-creeper but the tail does not represent so much of the overall length.

Photographs by Eric Hosking, F.R.P.S.

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

A subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is the ideal gift to friends, either at home or abroad, whom we are not able to see frequently, yet desire to keep in touch with. Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought of his or her friend, recalling a birthday or other anniversary. Orders for subscriptions can now be taken, and should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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trees thoroughly, and especially if there were any truth in the suggested complementary nature of its method of working and that of the nuthatch, then we should long ago have lost sight of some of these primitive insects and millipedes. Doubtless their ancestors walked about more openly and paid the penalty. These survivors have found their retreat in the crevices of bark. If a predator did more than skim off the surplus populations it would not only deprive itself, or its descendants, of a food supply, it would also wipe out species which otherwise have persisted for our enlightenment, and sometimes our pleasure.

THE U.S. BREAK THE WORLD ALTITUDE RECORD.



AN AIRCRAFT WHICH HAS EXCEEDED THE WORLD'S ALTITUDE RECORD OF 72,394 FT.: AN EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET-POWERED DOUGLAS SKYROCKET AIRCRAFT.



LAUNCHED FROM A BOMBER AT ABOUT 35,000 FT.: THE ROCKET-POWERED DOUGLAS SKYROCKET WHICH ACHIEVED A SPEED OF AROUND 1000 M.P.H.



SEATED IN THE COCKPIT OF THE TINY EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET-POWERED AIRCRAFT IN WHICH HE EXCEEDED THE WORLD'S ALTITUDE RECORD: MAJOR BILL BRIDGEMAN.

The United States Navy announced on August 30 that a tiny rocket-powered Douglas Skyrocket aircraft had exceeded the world's altitude record of 72,394 ft. It was claimed that it had achieved a speed of around 1000 miles an hour in its climb. The flight was made by a test pilot, Major Bill Bridgeman, over Edwards Air Force base, in the Mojave Desert, north of Elsegundo, California, on August 15. The Skyrocket was launched from a bomber at about 35,000 ft., and broke through the sonic barrier within 10 seconds. Bridgeman's exact altitude was not disclosed. The needle-nosed aircraft has a wing-span of 23 ft., is 40 ft. long, and weighs about 15,000 lb. The earlier record was established by Captains Orvil Anderson and Albert Stevens, of the United States Army, in a balloon in South Dakota in 1935.

BRITAIN BREAKS AN ATLANTIC AIR RECORD.

A new unofficial record for the east-to-west crossing of the Atlantic was set up on August 31 by an English Electric Canberra jet bomber, which flew non-stop from the R.A.F. station at Aldergrove, Northern Ireland, to Gander Lake, Newfoundland, in 4 hours 19 mins., covering a Great Circle course of about 2073 statute miles at an average speed of 480 m.p.h. The record is, at the time of writing, subject to official confirmation. Wing Commander R. P. Beamont, the firm's chief test-pilot, was at the controls. An unofficial record of 4 hours 37 mins. was set up by another Canberra on February 21, which averaged 450 m.p.h. The previous official record for an east-to-west crossing was established between Berlin and New York in August, 1938, by two German fliers in a Focke-Wulf Kondor. Their time was 24 hours 56 mins. 12 secs., an average speed of 158.77 m.p.h.



TAKING OFF FROM ALDERGROVE AIRFIELD, NORTHERN IRELAND, AT THE START OF ITS ATLANTIC RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT: THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY'S CANBERRA JET BOMBER.



THE CREW OF THE CANBERRA BOMBER: (L. TO R.) MR. D. A. WATSON (NAVIGATOR); WING COMMANDER R. P. BEAMONT (PILOT); AND MR. R. H. T. RYLANDS (WIRELESS OPERATOR).



POWERED BY TWO ROLLS-ROYCE A10N JET ENGINES: THE CANBERRA JET BOMBER, WHICH FLEW THE ATLANTIC AT AN AVERAGE SPEED OF 480 M.P.H.

The World of the Cinema.

DOCUMENTARY FEAST.

By ALAN DENT

BEING about five minutes late at one of the Edinburgh Festival's documentary-film sessions—a series arranged with great skill and taste by Mr. Forsyth Hardy—I found myself instantaneously enthralled in watching a number of skilled craftsmen in close-up. A young potter fashioned a vase with expert hands and earnest gaze—an elderly glass-blower made goblets with cheeks fantastically distended as he blew. The commentary was pithy without being facetious, and it was plentifully interspaced with music that drew noble attention to the peculiar dignity of especially skilled labour—Beethoven's great "Coriolan" Overture. Nothing was over-emphasised, no sequence was unduly protracted; and the artist craftsman had that absolutely complete lack of any kind of camera-awareness which is to be seen in only the supremely well-directed order of documentary.

In my ignorance, I assumed for a minute or two that a striking new master of the medium had arisen. But as soon as the little masterpiece was over three authorities stood in the flesh before us, and one of them said: "You have just seen an early documentary made by the greatest master of documentary, Robert Flaherty." The film—which I ought to have seen often before—was called "Industrial Britain."

The particular programme I now discovered to be a survey of British Documentary in Retrospect. It gave us an exquisite extract from Mr. Basil Wright's "Song of Ceylon," and the whole of Mr. Cavalcanti's intensely dramatic and withal lyrical "North Sea" that takes us through the arduous time undergone by an Aberdeen fishing-trawler which had seriously damaged its wireless-apparatus in heavy seas. But I found, coming away, that the Flaherty-Beethoven had a peculiar lingering effect even over and above these other supremely good things. I was haunted by the noble music—as one often is after any performance of it—but this time the music in my inward ear was accompanied on the inward eye by the recollection of Flaherty's beautifully composed visual images.

What a genius he had for ensuring and securing expression on the human countenance! One thinks across the years and can as easily see again the inured and harrowed visage of the old fisherman in "Man of Aran" as one can, across a few months, recall the dewy morning radiance of the boy in his shallop in "The Louisiana Story."

One of the lecturers at Edinburgh—Mr. Edgar Anstey, it was—told us that Flaherty has never been equalled in his supreme mastery of the camera, and asked us to note in "Industrial Britain" how he seemed to anticipate the movements of the craftsmen's hands. He pointed out, too, that Flaherty's basic theme was the struggle between mankind and his natural environment. To-day's makers of documentary appear to be rather at a loss for any sort of theme, basic or otherwise. But it would seem to be lack of capital rather than lack of initiative or imagination which keeps them behind. Thus Mr. John Grierson, a documentary-maker of the first importance and one certainly endowed with both imagination and initiative, allows himself to be somewhat sore and jagged on the subject. In the official brochure of the Edinburgh Film Festival he surveys British Documentary in the past year, and he writes: "By and large, the men who run documentary to-day—and I mean the people who sponsor its ultimate shapes and qualities—do not care a damn for the purposes it once professed and the ends which gave it its larger life. And how could they care

any more for its æsthetic possibilities when, with rare exception, they don't know æsthetic form from a hole in the ground?"

And so on, to bitter purpose. As a general rule, though, the fact does emerge out of the large number of documentary films shown at Edinburgh that the British brand can hold its own quite successfully against the foreign. A Russian example of great interest was called "Mussorgsky." This had at least strong negative qualities to recommend it. It rather

positively Turgenevian effect of shimmering light greens in a picnic scene in the woodlands.

The portrayals of Mussorgsky's fellow-composers—Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, Cui, and Balakireff—were lively and faithful. So much so that it seemed a pity that the characterisation of Mussorgsky himself was quite fantastically over-sympathetic and over-"nice"! This was a Mussorgsky unlike the real one in that he was quite un-addicted to the bottle and to other causes of depravity and decadence. All the good biographies, including the latest of them, make it abundantly clear that Mussorgsky was quite as bizarre a creature as

the terrifying portrait by the artist Repine (who also appears in this film) makes him out to be. In this film the undisciplined genius looks no more alarming than would a Russian version of Dickens's Mr. Skimpole a rosy old buffer, a bland, old rascal, nothing worse. The others—as I have said—are more convincingly like what they were. Borodin, who was a chemist, is seen coquetting with test-tubes as well as with metronomes. Rimsky-Korsakov, who was an admiral, has a pleasing dash of gold-braid about him. And Cui, who was a general in the Russian Imperial Army and a lecturer at St. Petersburg Military Academy, has a faintly military air. (But does any non-musician know anything about Cui as a composer? I once knew a single piano-piece of his, and I have now forgotten it.)

The sub-titles in English are even more grotesquely bad than usual, and do quite a lot to come in the way of the film's persuasiveness. "Look, a little but already mighty group!" somebody is alleged to say about this hive of original composers. And this is a pretty fair example of this film's English. It seems to me self-evident that the translation of

film-dialogue in such a difficult case should be done first by a Russian who knows English, and then (this is all-important) revised by an Englishman who knows Russian. Otherwise the translation gets ignominiously and ludicrously drowned, as it were, in the middle of the Baltic Sea.

An American documentary called "The Golden Twenties" turned out to be an amusing and here and there nostalgic account of that Fool's Paradise extending between 1918 and 1930, which most of us enjoyed far more than we nowadays pretend. Technically this is certainly not so well made—being in sequence far more disjointed—as the "Scrap Books" (too few of them by far) that we have had from English documentary-makers. Also I should most certainly endorse public opinion and say that Mr. Paul Rotha's "No Resting Place" (already praised on this page) is by far the most satisfying film of a documentary nature—and of any sort of provenance—in the Festival programme. If it is argued that this film is "feature" and not "documentary," then the winner, without a doubt, has been "Beaver Valley" (recently praised on this page with even less reservation).

My own private view is that more and better documentaries will be forthcoming as soon as the British cinema-going public takes it into its stubborn mind to clamour for them, or anyhow to prove that it would relish a better kind of "support" for the feature-films in which it is primarily interested. But the whole question is vexed—as vexed almost as Mr. Grierson!—and I recommend any reader who is actively interested to send two shillings to Mr. Hardy, at Film House, Hill Street, Edinburgh, asking for the Film Festival

Brochure from which I have quoted. It is a handsome, worth-keeping booklet besides, with many articles clearly stating many points of view; and it has a moving tribute by Mr. Rotha to the great Flaherty, with a photograph of him which hardly does the old genius as much justice as he did to his film subjects.



"A NOSTALGIC ACCOUNT OF THAT FOOL'S PARADISE EXTENDING BETWEEN 1918 AND 1930, WHICH MOST OF US ENJOYED FAR MORE THAN WE NOWADAYS PRETEND": "THE GOLDEN TWENTIES," A SCENE FROM THIS AMERICAN DOCUMENTARY WHICH WAS INCLUDED IN AN EDINBURGH FESTIVAL DOCUMENTARY-FILM SESSION, SHOWING SOME GAY FLAPPERS OF THE DAY DANCING THE CHARLESTON.

Mr. Dent has been enjoying a feast of documentary films at the Edinburgh Festival and he found "that the British brand does hold its own quite successfully against the foreign." Among the films he enjoyed, although technically it was not so well made as the English "Scrap Book" series, was an American documentary called "The Golden Twenties," which, as its title indicates, recalls the decade after the First World War when the "bright young things" cultivated enjoyment with a zest which seems as extinct to-day as the proverbial dodo.

astonishingly—considering its source—eschewed propaganda of any sort, though it is not to be denied that it did not seem able to keep from reverting to the opera of "Boris Godounov" as a crying example of how Tyranny can and should not be allowed to dominate the masses. Moreover, this film was photographed in



A REMARKABLE AND BEAUTIFUL FILM IN WHICH THE PLAYERS ARE ANIMALS AND BIRDS AND "THE COMMENTARY IS HELPFUL AND LIVELY WITHOUT BEING OVER-FACETIOUS": "BEAVER VALLEY" (R.K.O.), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM WHICH IS SET IN A SEQUESTERED VALLEY WHERE WILD LIFE ABOUNDS LARGELY OWING TO THE ARTIFICIAL CONSERVATION OF WATER BY BEAVERS.

"Beaver Valley," presented by Walt Disney, was praised by our critic on this page in our issue of August 11. He says this week, with the reservation that Mr. Paul Rotha's "No Resting Place" is "feature" and not "documentary," that "Beaver Valley" must be acclaimed as the most satisfying documentary film in the Festival programme.

a new Russian colour-form which proved to be quite a change from the complacent near-perfection of Technicolor. In this, fire-flame and candle-flame were more yellow than red—as, indeed, they are in nature. And there were one or two quite lovely effects of the opalescent light of dawn on the horizon, and one

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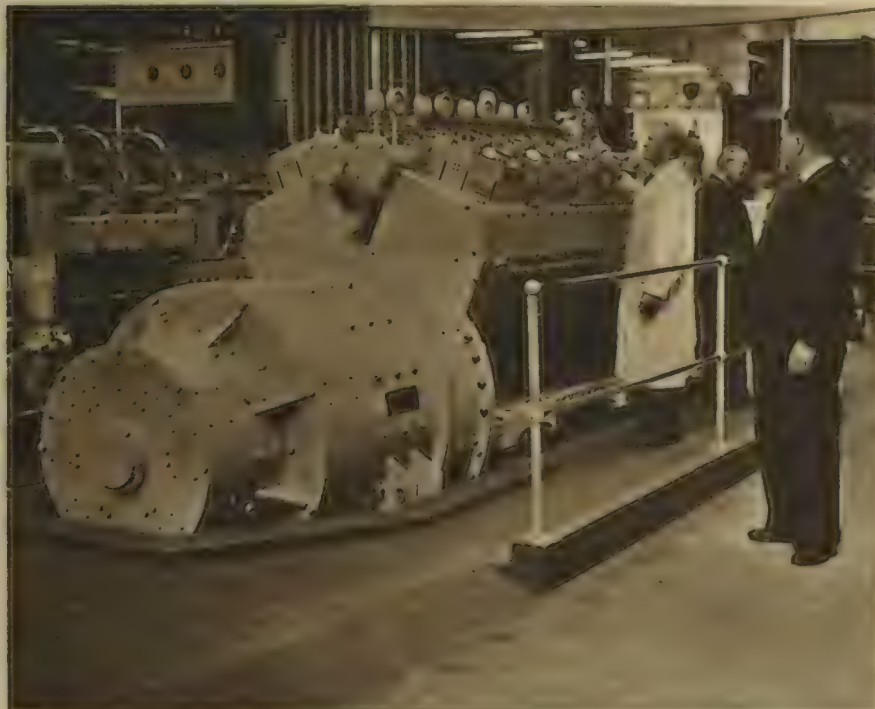
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A MARINE AUTOMATIC DISTRESS DEVICE WHICH, AFTER SENDING OUT AN ALARM SIGNAL, CAN BE AUTOMATICALLY FIXED TO SEND OUT THE SHIP'S CALL SIGN AND S O S SIGNALS.

The largest engineering, marine and welding exhibition in the world was opened on August 30 at Olympia by Engineer Vice-Admiral Sir Harold Brown, honorary president of the exhibition. At the inaugural luncheon, Mr. Keith Fraser, president of the British Engineers' Association, said that the volume of engineering production in Britain had increased since 1946 by 70 per cent. Nearly 40 per cent. of our total exports came from the engineering industry, and Britain is now



A NEW RUDDER DEVICE FOR SHIPS OF ALL SIZES: A GERMAN INVENTION WHICH PROVIDES IDEAL MANŒUVRING FACILITIES IN HARBOURS AND NARROW WATERWAYS.

responsible for about one-quarter of the engineering equipment exported by all countries. Many foreign visitors have been included among those who have visited the exhibition, where there are altogether 500 stands and many novelties have been demonstrated. Divers and frogmen in glass-windowed tanks demonstrating the use of arc welding equipment under water have been a popular attraction. The exhibition closes on September 13.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. BIRDS AND BEASTS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A DAY in London devoted to business, and an hour at my disposal before I need reach the station. That means for me Trafalgar Square, a grateful glance at cool fountains, and the delights of the National Gallery, where is to be found a very considerable proportion of the world's wonders. On this occasion I was in no specially highbrow mood, for I had been dealing with ordinary earthy subjects, and was, in fact, as I walked up the steps, chuckling to myself over a phrase which a friend of mine had just assured me he had read in an official document. I have a taste for the linguistic eccentricities of bureaucrats, and this specimen gave me much pleasure. It is "optimum bedding," which presumably has something to do with the appropriate sleeping accommodation for nationally controlled institutions: anyway, it is a triumphant-sounding phrase, worthy of inclusion in any collection. With these words in my head, I reached the counter where photographs are sold, and the first thing to catch my eye was Fig. 1, which is a delicious detail from an enormous altarpiece by Filippino Lippi (c. 1457-1504) of the Virgin and Child, with SS. Jerome and Dominic. Now, I have the greatest respect for the powers of observation of most good painters. Many of them have as keen an eye for animal detail as the most meticulous naturalist could desire, and the better painters they are the more faithfully do they give us not merely the form, but the very essence of the

with white round the neck and breast. My guess is a greenfinch, but I'm not sure whether the black head is correct. Will someone who really knows kindly put me right?

One of the noblest of pictures is Andrea Mantegna's (1431-1506) "Agony in the Garden"; its solemn, tragic mood is wonderfully lightened by the enchanting little group of rabbits who have come out to play at the feet of the sleeping apostles (Fig. 2). Compare this detail with the almost heraldic formalism of the

him with all four legs spread out almost horizontally, rarely drawn up beneath him. So strong is the tradition that, driving recently from Melton Mowbray to Market Harborough, where you look across those delectable Leicestershire vales and sigh for a pen as nimble as that of Surtees, I filled the middle distance (in my mind's eye, of course) with a pattern of riders all going hell for leather on elegant nursery rocking-horses—in short, I was seeing the countryside through the eyes of Alken and

Ferneley. Need I add that all this is not a criticism of those two worthy Victorian painters, still less of the very great fifteenth-century Italians, for there is more in art than photographic exactitude. I merely point out that certain conventions last a long time, and that it is interesting to analyse them. Opinions differ as to Pisanello's success in, on this occasion, his interpretation of a hare. I think the creature is a little over-formalised, but surely the pursuing hound is a wonderful example of acute observation, so intent, so swift, so relentless.

Off-hand, I can only call to mind three cats in the Gallery, and half the population of these islands will say that it is three too many, while the other half will regret that there are not many more. One has already been mentioned above—the sort of cat which would be watching the kettle on the hob had St. Jerome been given to tea-drinking. The other is a wonderful ragamuffin of a cat, straight from the roof-tops, who has just raced up to the top of a chair, on the right, in Hogarth's picture of "The Graham Children," and is clearly surprised not to be in the centre. The third is here in Fig. 4, and I confess, though shamefacedly, that I could not place it. It is a queer, overfed creature,



FIG. 1. A CASE OF "OPTIMUM BEDDING"? : DETAIL OF FILIPPINO LIPPI'S "VIRGIN AND CHILD" WITH SS. JEROME AND DOMINIC, SHOWING A BIRD AND HER BROOD. "Optimum bedding," a remarkable example of bureaucratic verbiage, is, in Frank Davis's opinion, probably something to do with the appropriate sleeping accommodation for nationally-controlled institutions, but perhaps it might be applied to this enchanting detail from Filippino Lippi's "Virgin and Child" in the National Gallery.



FIG. 2. DETAIL FROM ANDREA MANTEGNA'S NOBLE AND TRAGIC "AGONY IN THE GARDEN": THREE RABBITS PLAYING AT THE FEET OF THE SLEEPING APOSTLES. "One of the noblest of pictures is Andrea Mantegna's (1431-1506) 'Agony in the Garden'; its solemn, tragic mood is wonderfully lightened by the enchanting little group of rabbits who have come out to play at the feet of the sleeping apostles."

creature. Who, for example, understands dogs better than Velasquez; or cats than Hogarth?

Think of all the fine pictures you can remember which have birds or beasts as accessories, and marvel at the care and skill which great men have devoted to the minor details of fur or feather, not forgetting the French partridge and the peacock in the painting of St. Jerome in his study by Antonello da Messina to which I drew attention some months ago, and where, I would remind you, is also a well-behaved peaceful cat and the Saint's lion going off round the corner with the purposeful air of a spaniel who has just remembered a buried bone. It so happened that this particular picture by Lippi was not on view, so I was taken round to the dark, war-damaged galleries where roofs are shattered and walls peeling, and there, perched precariously on high steps, I was able to see this pretty creature and her brood at close quarters. Learned ornithologists have in the past very properly rebuked me for grievous errors, so I hesitate to give an opinion as to whether the admirable Lippi has in this case given us a real bird or has merely used his imagination. The head is black, the body greenish,

hound and hare from the "Vision of St. Eustace," by Pisanello (1380-1456) (Fig. 3). Is there a moment in a hare's lolloping speedy gallop when it actually moves like this? I shall look more carefully next spring when hares, which abound in my part of the country, play about in the fields. I am inclined to think that Pisanello has exactly caught the forward spring of the powerful hind-legs, but I am not so sure about the fore-legs.

It is worth recalling in this connection that for generations painters invariably conveyed the idea of a horse at speed by showing



FIG. 3. PAINTED WITH ALMOST HERALDIC FORMALISM: DETAIL OF THE HOUND AND HARE IN "THE VISION OF ST. EUSTACE"; BY PISANELLO. "I am inclined to think that Pisanello has exactly caught the forward spring of the powerful hind-legs [of the hare] but I am not so sure about the fore-legs."



ONE OF THE FEW CATS REPRESENTED IN NATIONAL GALLERY PICTURES: THE PUSSY PLAYING WITH A BALL OF WOOL IN "THE RETURN OF ODYSSEUS"; BY PINTURICCHIO. This detail from Pinturicchio's "The Return of Odysseus" shows the cat which is playing with a ball of wool dropped by Penelope. It is one of the few cats represented in National Gallery paintings.

Illustrations on this page by Courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery.

apparently almost hairless and not very well-bred, but it provides a pretty domestic touch to the enchanting panel by Pinturicchio (1454-1513) "The Return of Odysseus," for it is playing with a ball of wool dropped by Penelope as her husband enters after his years of wandering. I dare say that there are, or were, cats made after this fashion in odd corners of Europe, but not, I think, one who would condescend to pose quite so self-consciously for its portrait. The best of all cats, excluding the Graham children's impertinent little monster, is—if my memory is not at fault—to be found in Paris, in Manet's "Olympia," which cat infuriated the unco' guid at the time because, for some reason, they considered it was more than normally indecent to put a cat in the same picture as a nude. There is surely no end to human oddity.

The noblest dog in the Gallery is the big brown beast which is gazing at that most moving tragedy of paganism, "The Death of Procris," by Piero di Cosimo (1462-1521). If birds are your particular interest, I would suggest you look carefully at the same painter's "Forest Fire," in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford; in that extraordinary picture there are a dozen at least, painted with precision and with love.

“THE GUNNISTER MAN”—A SHETLAND CRIME OF 250 YEARS AGO?



FOUND BURIED IN PEAT NEAR THE REMAINS OF A MAN IN THE SHETLAND ISLANDS: A WRITING-SET COMPRISING A WOODEN REST, A QUILL PEN AND AN INK-HORN WITH A CORK IN THE BOTTOM.



A PIECE OF KNITTED FABRIC DATING (PRESUMABLY) FROM THE LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: PART OF THE CLOTHING OF THE DEAD MAN; SHOWING THE PATTERN.



BELONGING TO THE DEAD MAN: A KNITTED BAG IN WHICH WERE FOUND THE KHAKI-COLOURED SILK RIBBON (RIGHT) AND THREE COINS, TWO COPPER AND ONE SILVER.



PRESUMABLY USED FOR CARRYING FOOD: A WELL-MADE KEG, ABOUT 6 INS. HIGH, BOUND WITH REEDS; A WOODEN SPOON AND A KNIFE-HANDLE.



PRESERVED BY THE PEAT FOR SOME 250 YEARS: THE CLOTHES OF THE DEAD MAN, OF WHOSE BODY ONLY A FEW BONES REMAIN.

In May, 1951, two men were cutting peat in the wild and lonely moorland near Gunnister, in the northern-most sector of Mainland, the largest of the Shetlands, when at a depth of only 18 ins. they came across a cloth cap with human hair inside it. They then carefully cleared the remaining area and revealed an amazing collection of clothes, various utensils, some coins and a few fragments of bones. It was noted that the man had been laid due east and west, and it appeared that he had been properly buried. Apart from the hair, the human remains are fragmentary, consisting of a few pieces of crumbling bone and finger-nails—found in the gloves—which do not appear to be those of a manual worker. The clothes are still in an amazing state of preservation, and can be seen in the photographs above. The material of the garments is a heavy and coarse dark-brown wool, rather like Harris Tweed: the stockings, beautifully knitted, with two

seam loops down the back, are fashioned down the calf in a manner which suggests modern “fully fashioned” stockings. A knitted bag found near the human remains contained a small roll of fine quality khaki-coloured silk ribbon and three coins, two copper and one silver. One of the copper coins bears the date 1683, and has on it the letters R.S. on one side and OPN on the other. The silver coin which is the largest, being about the size of a florin, bears the word NOVIOMAG—an abbreviation of Noviomagnus, the ancient name for Nijmegen, in Holland. The word CONCORDIARE on the reverse side of the silver coin is also common on many Dutch coins. The clothes appear to be those of a well-to-do man of about the late seventeenth century, but who he was, or the manner in which he met his death and came to be buried on the moors, remains an unsolved mystery. [Photographs by Duncan Melvin.]

ATTRactions FOR THE EYES AND EARS OF THE WORLD: "THE RADIO SHOW, 1951" AT EARLS COURT.



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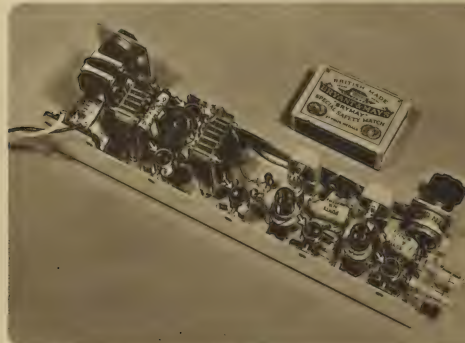
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THE Eighteenth National Radio and Television Exhibition, "The Radio Show, 1951," has been held this year for the first time in the spacious surroundings of Earls Court. This Exhibition, which opened on Aug. 29 and closes to-day, Sept. 8, is the fourth post-war Show and the third to be held in London; in 1950 the Show took place in the Midlands in order to commemorate the opening of the world's most powerful television transmitting station.

(Continued opposite.)



THE TELEVISION SET PROVIDING THE LARGEST DIRECT-SCREEN PICTURE IN THE SHOW AND THE SMALLEST TELEVISION RECEIVER. THE LARGE MODEL COSTS 275 GUINEAS AND IS MADE BY H.M.V. THE SMALL ONE, A NOVELTY, HAS A 1-IN. TUBE.



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PART OF THE NAVY'S DISPLAY: A REPRESENTATION OF THE CONTROL STATION OF A MODERN CRUISER; SHOWING RADAR IN USE AND AIRCRAFT POSITIONS BEING PLOTTED ON THE PLOTTING-SCREEN. THE R.A.F. AND ARMY ALSO HAVE EXHIBITS.

THE NAVAL CONTRIBUTION TO THE RADIO SHOW: A SECTION OF THE NAVAL STAND WHICH REPRESENTS THE BRIDGE OF A MODERN CRUISER; SHOWING THE WIRELESS STATION, WITH TELEGRAPHISTS RECORDING MORSE BROADCAST MESSAGES ON TYPEWRITERS.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

"NOT quite so good" are words to be pronounced with pain and scruple of a literary charmer, in anything short of a clear case. It may be simply that the recipe—and there must always be a recipe—has lost its surprise, or even that one read the new book at the wrong moment. I don't feel that "The Blessing," by Nancy Mitford (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.), ranks as a clear case; it is too brilliantly amusing, too intelligent, too like the others. . . . Only not quite so good. For, after all, ungrateful as it seems, the verdict has to slip out. This novel has a rather patchwork and confected air, and winds up with a questionable smoothness.

All the same, it is immense fun. The lovely Grace, a dreamy, artless young Philistine, marries Charles-Edouard de Valhubert at the beginning of the war.

After ten days together they are parted for seven years; Grace dreams the time away in her old home, and her "blessing" Sigi grows a big boy. At last Charles-Edouard, irresistible as ever, bursts out of the blue, and whirls them first to his Provençal seat, then to his house in Paris. The naïve English girl, with no idea what is expected of her, has become a French wife. It is a rather trying experience and full of snags, but wonderful and very happy, for her husband is always nice to her. Meanwhile the "blessing" finds himself a good deal bored. He is not used to "loony kissing" and instructions to "run along," and now they hardly ever cease. Charles-Edouard values the possession of a son but not his company, and Grace has so little time.

Then one day the inevitable happens; Charles-Edouard is found out. He is so French that the idea of marital fidelity has never entered his head, and Grace is still so English that she leaves him by the next train.

But as she dotes on the deceiving husband and he wants her back, this quarrel would soon expire if it were not for Sigi. Sigi is in high glee. The "loony kissing" and the "run along" are things of the past; he is now courted and hysterically spoilt by either parent in turn, and their respective mistresses and swains, and he would hate them to make it up. Being an audacious and resourceful little boy, he does his utmost to ensure that they have no chance. But circumstances are, of course, against him in the long run.

The grafting of the English rose upon a French stem, the social contrasts and surprises, the domestic picture at Bellandargues and the exalted, intimate frivolities of Paris—what could be more fun? And then there are the English scenes, and they are also fun. The wit, the comedy and the alarming frankness have not declined. But the intrigue, as it may well be called, is too thin, therefore a good deal of the comedy is padding. And the happy ending does not bear scrutiny.

"No Music for Generals," by Frederick Howard (Wingate; 12s. 6d.), is introduced as "cynical and vastly entertaining." These epithets, which would apply quite nicely to *The Blessing*, put me on the wrong track, and led me to expect—well, something cynical and entertaining: something less serious and infinitely more ebullient. Whereas this novel is entirely serious and not ebullient at all. But since it has a vein of humour, no illusions and unflagging interest, one can see what is meant, and I for one prefer the real book to the fantasy.

It is a war story that never happened, set in the Far East. Supposing Singapore had not fallen, because an American general of genius took over in the nick of time. . . . The name is Tobrapore in this version, but the analogy is plain enough.

When General Bannery arrives on the scene, he has no shadow of official status; indeed, he has walked out on his command, and is described as "through." But he intends to have official status. He is a politician; he intrigues, finesses, plays to the American gallery—and lo! South Asia Command springs into being, centred on Tobrapore and dominated by the "refugee general." He has the post and he will beat the Japs, but not by pure soldiering. "The same arts that did gain A power, must it maintain"—brazen injustice, lying communiqués, cold-blooded sacrifices of the individual, all are required to push his claims and get him his own way. But having got it, he knows what to do with it.

That is the backbone of the novel, but the substance is much more varied. There is a host of characters, too numerous to mention. Though the campaign is fanciful, the background, circumstances and emotions are drawn from life, in sober earnest and with some dramatic action thrown in.

"Young Man," by Kay Dick (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), has a quite different and perhaps a truer truth, but is less easily described. It is the record of a sentimental education and a start in life—a false one, because youth invariably makes a false start, and also because Robert is going through it on the eve of war. He has a mother in the background, a light-headed innocent, playing happily with her imaginary feelings and relying on all the world to play up to her. Only her son is not amused, and snubs her with filial ferocity. And then there are his girls—Young Gay, the exquisitely passing, and the steadfast Mary, and Caroline the Munich interlude. These love-affairs are at their best when they are going wrong; Gay's exit has a subtle comedy and charm, and Robert's life with Mary grows more positive when he begins to sulk, and on the advent of Caroline. There is a certain lack of outline all through, an over-tenuous, over-refined approach; but it is the kind of story that grows on one.

"Duplicate Death," by Georgette Heyer (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), is another case of "not quite so good." I mean that *Envious Casca*, the writer's last and long-ago detective puzzle, was a greater triumph; but this is more than good enough.

A brassy widow, Mrs. Haddington, has somehow gate-crashed Society, with an egregiously dumb but lovely daughter in tow. At one of her bridge parties, an old friend or flame is done to death. Among the suspects is her secretary Beulah who has a past, but who is besieged by the attractive Timothy, one of this writer's bland young gentlemen. Or Mrs. Haddington herself might be the killer, only she becomes the next corpse. Perhaps the mystery is overstaged; the real excitement of deduction lags, but it is worth waiting for.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE British Championship produced surprising results, notably the defeat of P. S. Milner-Barry by V. J. A. Russ, of Leicester, who gained his place in the event only through another player's withdrawal. Young A. M. Hallmark, a R.A.F. man from Harrogate, was another unknown who, after four rounds, led a field of 32 including three ex-champions! Then he bit the dust in the game I give now; the winner, E. Klein, went on to defeat Golombek.

White, E. KLEIN; Black, A. M. HALLMARK.

1. P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2. B-Kt5.

The same bizarre move as won another game I gave recently. A "shock" weapon. Black must only not assume too exuberantly that it is very bad.

2. . . . Kt-K5; 3. B-R4, P-Q4; 4. P-KB3, Kt-Q3; 5. Kt-B3, Kt-B4; 6. B-B2, P-B4.

White's strategy has paid. He has a piece more than Black in play and the makings of a fine centre; Black's knight is misplaced on B4 and subject to attack. Moreover, Black has already consumed half an hour of precious time in avoiding worse.

7. P-K4, QP×P; 8. B-Kt5ch, B-Q2; 9. P×KP, B×B.

I should prefer 9. . . . Kt×P here.

10. P×Kt!, P×P; 11. Q×P.

If 11. Kt×B, Black recovers the piece by 11. . . . Q-R4ch.

11. . . . Q×Q; 12. B×Q, B-Q2; 13. Kt-Q5, Kt-B3!

A bold decision. Black is prepared to give up his queen's rook for White's bishop, relying on imprisoning and winning White's intrusive knight.

14. Kt-B7ch, K-Q1; 15. Kt×R, Kt×B; 16. Castles, Kt×KBP; 17. Kt-B3, K-B1.

Black regards it as more urgent for the moment to unpin his bishop than get more pieces out. 17. . . . P-KKt3; 18. Kt-K5, B-R3ch; 19. K-Kt1, Kt-Q3; 20. R×Kt, P×R; 21. Kt×Pch, K-B1; 22. Kt×R certainly leaves him lost.

18. R-Q3, Kt-Q3; 19. Kt-K5, B-B3.

White manages continually to conjure up new threats: for instance, 20. R-R3 and R×RP, or 20. Kt×B, K×Kt; 21. R-QB3 and Kt-B7.

20. KR-Q1, P-B3?

A move which, it seems to me, loses a won game.

His position was crying out for development. This wastes precious time. 20. . . . P-KKt3 was now essential, and then how could White save his knight?

21. Kt×B, P×Kt; 22. P-B4, P-Kt3; 23. P-B5, B-R3ch; 24. K-Kt1, Kt-B5; 25. R-Q7, Kt-Q7ch; 26. R(Q1)×Kt, B×R.

He can make White pay for the release of the knight, for if now 27. R×B, then 27. . . . K-Kt1 ends its checkered career.

27. R×RP, K-Kt1; 28. R-Q7, B-K6; 29. Kt-B7, K-B1; 30. R×P, B×P; 31. R-B7, B-Q3; 32. Kt-K6, P-KB4.

Most tragedies of inexperience in chess have their dénouement in the endgame. By the simple 32. . . . B×P, weakening White's KKtP and reducing the material still further, Black could have put himself beyond all reasonable risk of defeat. Terribly short of time for his remaining eight moves as a result of the "trappy" opening, he allows White by a *coup en masse* move 39 to force an easy win. The game ended: 33. P-KKt3, P-B4; 34. Kt-Kt5, P-R3; 35. Kt-B3, R-K1; 36. R-B6, K-Q2; 37. R×P, R-K6; 38. Kt-Q2, P-B5; 39. R×Bch, K×R; 40. Kt-B4ch, K-Q4; 41. Kt×Rch, P×Kt; 42. K-B1, K-K5; 43. K-Q1, K-Q6; 44. P-QR4, K-B5; 45. K-K2, K-Kt5; 46. K×P, K×P; 47. K-Q3, K-Kt6; 48. P-Kt4, K×P; 49. K-B4, K-B7; 50. P-R4. Black resigns.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A HERO OF THE HEIGHTS.

I SUPPOSE there can be few mountaineers more revered by the Alpine and climbing fraternity than Mr. Geoffrey Winthrop Young, author of "Mountains With a Difference" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 18s.)—unless it be his friend and fellow-climber for many years, Mr. Arnold Lunn, who contributes the preface. Mr. Young began climbing in the British hills well before World War I., and in that period of happy amateurism which belonged to the period when Arnold Lunn was teaching the Swiss to ski, British amateurs were still the mainstay of Alpine guides (who learnt as much from as they conveyed to their charges), and when we had still not taught other nations to beat us at football, cricket and other of our native sports. But Mr. Young is something more than probably the most experienced of living British climbers. The clue to the title of the book is to be found in the chapter which describes the loss of his leg.

Half-way through this delightful description of climbs throughout the world (and Mr. Young's description of climbing Mount Brandon garnished with his own verses proves him a poet in prose and verse of no small order) there occurs the shattering central event of Mr. Young's climbing life. This is strictly a climbing autobiography. That is to say, we go direct from a pre-1914 description of climbing Mount Ida and looking down on the site of Troy (surely one of the most beautiful chapters in the book), to the front line on the Italian front in 1915.

Mr. Young, as a member of the Friends' Ambulance Unit, was a non-combatant. He must also have been one of the most adventurous non-combatants who have ever scaled the Italian Alps to gaze at the Austrians from the most forward of O.P.s. It was on the appalling road from the front, up and down which he nightly drove his ambulance, that he was hit by a shell and lost his left leg. Any other man would have put climbing behind him for ever. Not so Mr. Young. After a series of experiments he succeeded in designing for himself a metal leg which enabled him (though with a labour which would have daunted any other man) to carry out a series of climbs which were far beyond the capacity of the average two-legged climber. All good things come to an end, however, and for him the end was after his last big climb of the Rothorn.

On the way down he had a terrifying fall, and only by a miracle did he live to tell the tale. Incidentally, it is not without interest that he records that whatever may be the deliberate actions of a parachutist, "I am convinced by a number of experiences, that anyone falling by accident, or after effort to save himself, is shocked out of all physical sensation and anything like full consciousness. He passes at once into a dream state, similar to that preceding unconsciousness under anaesthetic. Some part of him may be watching himself from outside. Some part of himself, too, is aware that he is passing through an æon of dim depression. But he has no clear realisation, or connected thought, or sense of pain." Incidentally, too, his description of his sensations while falling are some of the most vivid and convincing in the whole book. A magnificent book and one which, as Arnold Lunn says, "proves that in the country of the mind the one-legged man is king." A side glance on Mr. Geoffrey Young is to be found in the "Memoirs of a Mountaineer," by F. Spencer Chapman, D.S.O. (Chatto and Windus; 16s.). Mr. Spencer Chapman was up at Cambridge in 1926, where the budding Alpinists met at the house of that "great mountaineer." At that time Mr. Young "had then only recently lost his leg in the war, and had not yet evolved the marvellous technique by which he subsequently climbed many of the major Alpine peaks with the aid of an artificial limb," so had not been "disposed to talk of mountaineering in those days."

However, his example certainly set Mr. Spencer Chapman on the right lines, for he went on to become one of the finest Alpine and Himalayan climbers of our time. A great deal of the book, indeed, covers his Himalayan climbs, and I know of nothing in mountaineering literature so vivid, and so alarming at second-hand, than his description of his descent after his successful climb of Chomolhari. Incidentally, although this is not the purpose of the book, his description of life in Tibet is one of the best and most interesting which has yet appeared of that remote corner of the world which may yet menace the whole of the position of the free nations in Asia.

There can be few more suitable editors for "The Scandinavian Book" (Hodge; 15s.) than Mr. P. F. D. Tennant, for Peter Tennant, in addition to having been a lecturer in Scandinavian studies in Cambridge, was throughout the war the brilliantly successful Press Attaché of our Embassy in Stockholm. Swedes, whose judgment I value, tell me that he speaks Swedish "almost too well," and other Scandinavian friends say the same thing of their languages. This book is a selection of quotations from writers on Scandinavia from the Middle Ages to the middle of the last century. The quotations are chosen with scholarly care, but also with the sense of wit and fun which one would expect from such an editor. It is designed as a "travelling companion for visitors to Scandinavia," which will "provide a background of the past and

thus a perspective on the present," and it succeeds most admirably in this intention. The travel bureaux of the three main Scandinavian countries would do well to lay in a stock of this excellent book.

The same might be said to the French authorities about "Return to Normandy," by Vivian Rowe, and "Sea-Girt Brittany," by George Renwick, in each case published by Evans at 12s. 6d. Our Norman ancestors, judging from the descendants of their kinsmen who stayed behind, were a pawky, not over-attractive lot. Nevertheless, as here, the native Normans certainly knew how to build, and not the least attractive part of Mr. Rowe's book are the magnificent photographs of its castles and cathedrals. Like Mr. Renwick's book on, to my mind, the more attractive and sympathetic, Brittany, it is written in the easy and pleasant manner which makes both books as easy to read as they are gently instructive.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

TRADITION AND INNOVATION: THE NEW AND THE OLD IN THREE COUNTRIES.



THE FESTIVAL OF "KING PUCK" IN KILLORGLIN, CO. KERRY: THE GOAT OF HONOUR BEING ESTABLISHED ON A PLATFORM HIGH ABOVE THE MARKET-PLACE.

A large goat is chosen annually at Killorglin "Puck Fair" as "King Puck" and is set on a platform above the market-place and fed sumptuously for three days, in memory of goats who are traditionally said to have warned the town of the approach of Cromwell's armies.



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WITH FLAT BALCONIES TAKING THE PLACE OF BOXES: A DONNA ROMA BALLET PERFORMANCE IN THE COURTYARD OF A RESIDENTIAL BLOCK IN WESTMINSTER.

Westminster City have this summer presented the Donna Roma Ballet in performances in playgrounds and courtyards. Our photograph of one in the courtyard of a block of flats shows how the scene resembles a performance on an open-air Elizabethan stage surrounded by spectators.



(ABOVL.) ILLUSTRATING THE GREAT POPULARITY OF THE CARD GAME OF CANASTA: A SCENE DURING PLAY IN THE INTERNATIONAL CANASTA TOURNAMENT IN LONDON.

The *Sunday Times* International Canasta Tournament in London illustrates the popularity of the new game. Mr. Colin Harding and Mr. Terence Reese, of Crockford's (which has recognised Canasta as a club game), represented Great Britain; and Mrs. A. Lord and Mr. J. R. Crawford, the U.S.A.



LEARNING THE ELEMENTS OF GLIDING AT AN R.N. AIR STATION: A DARTMOUTH CADET AT THE CONTROLS OF A TOWED GLIDER, WITH THE INSTRUCTOR, LIEUT.-COMMANDER GOODHART, BEHIND HIM.

Cadets from the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, are being trained in the elements of gliding at the Royal Naval Air Station, Culham, Oxon. The brothers Lieut.-Commanders Goodhart, members of the Naval team which won the British National Gliding Team Championship, 1951, are instructors.

(RIGHT.) A CHIMNEY-POT LANDSCAPE OF BEWILDERING VARIETY: TUDOR BRICK CHIMNEYS OF HAMPTON COURT PALACE, RECENTLY REPAIRED BY THE MINISTRY OF WORKS.

The Ministry of Works' Historical Buildings Department has completed repairs to the Tudor brick chimneys of Hampton Court Palace. The methods used and the tools employed were similar to those of the sixteenth-century workmen who built the Palace for Cardinal Wolsey. Specially made "forms" were used to cut each brick, so that when set in position it was flush with its neighbour. Each chimney differs in design.





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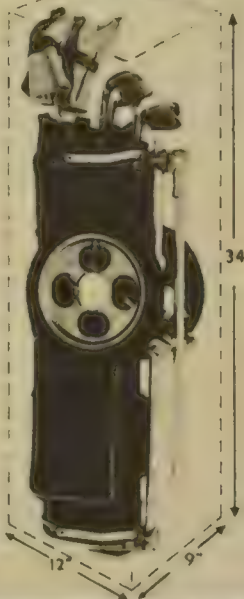
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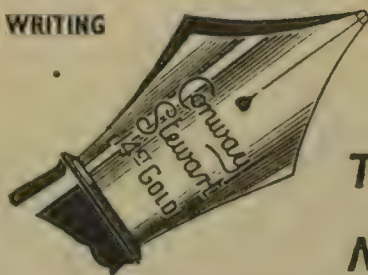
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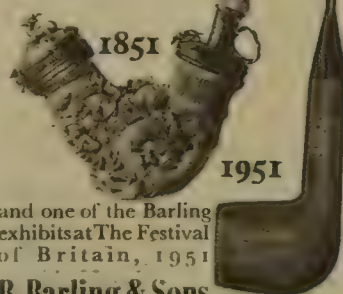
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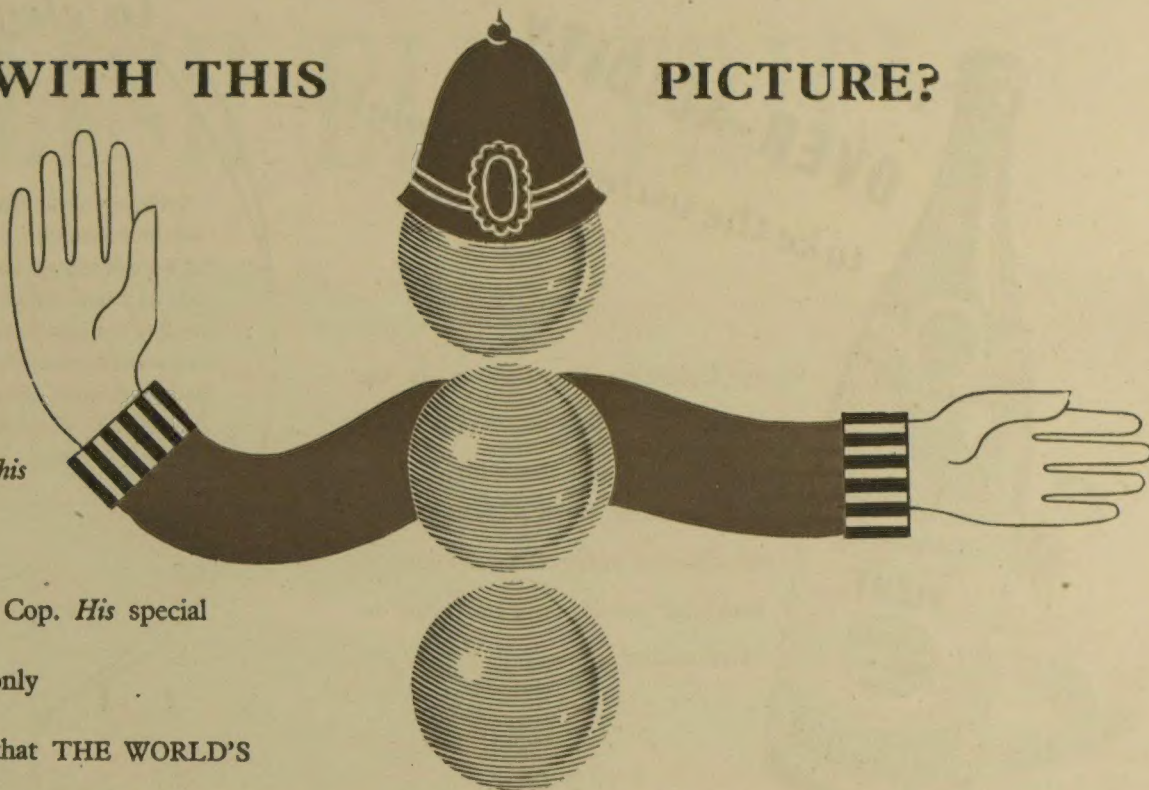
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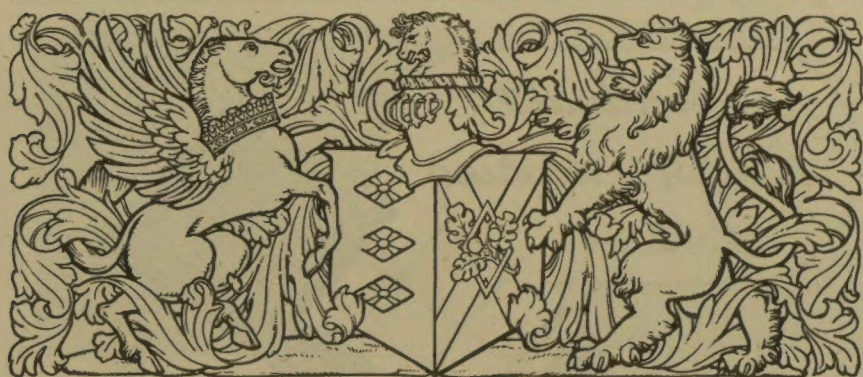


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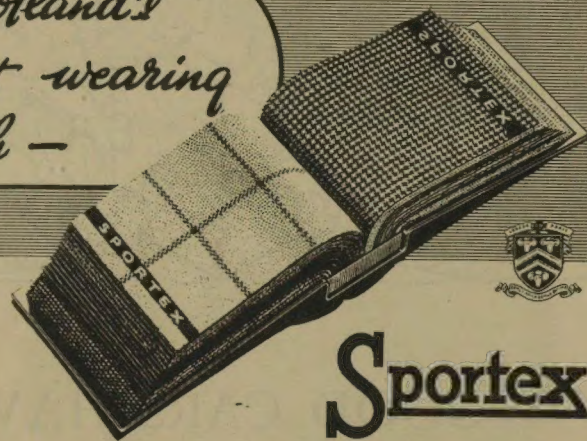


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